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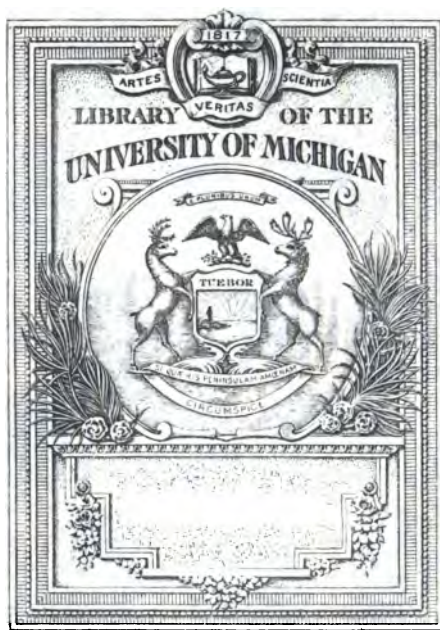
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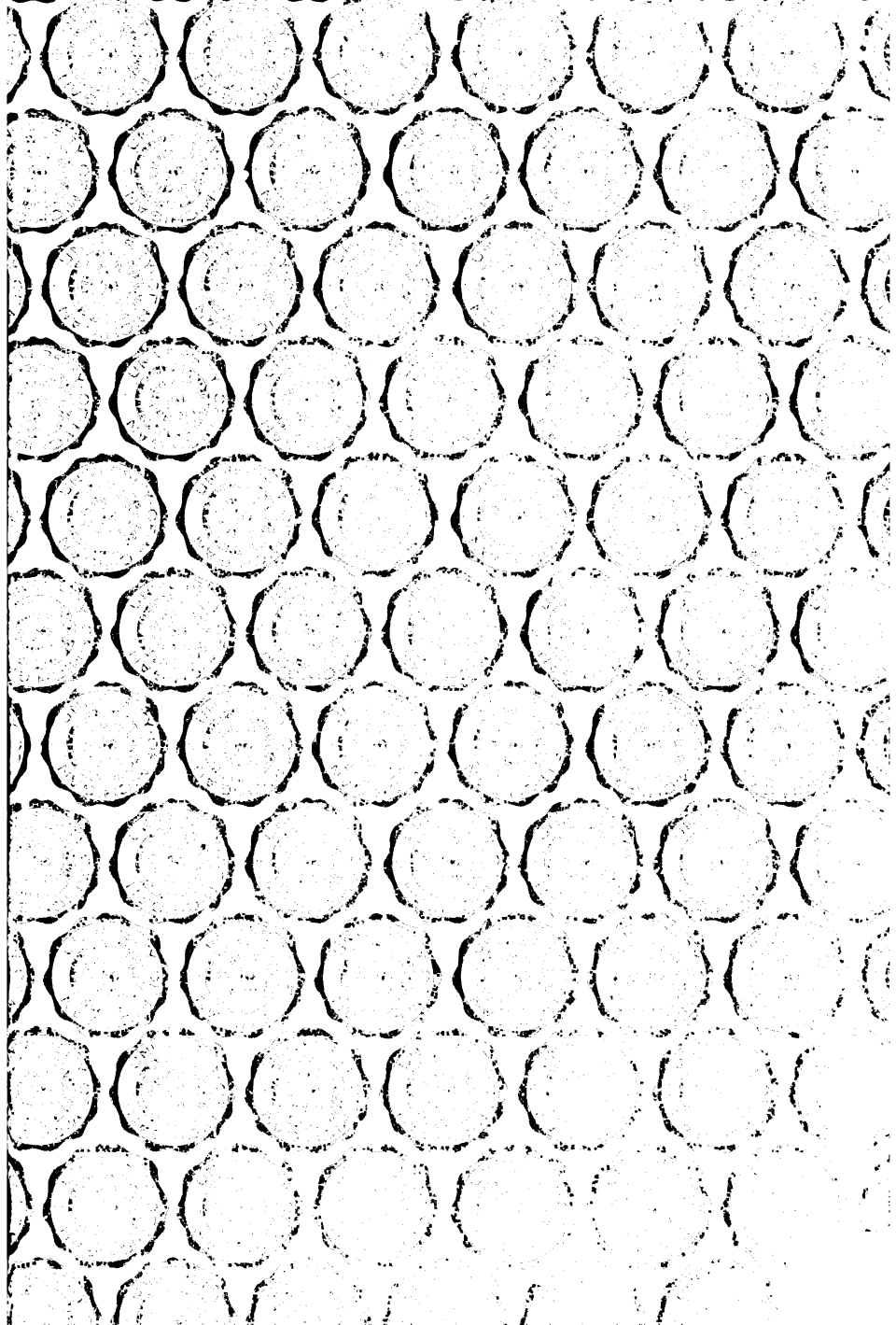
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# **A LITTLE WORLD**

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**A Series of College Plays for Girls**

By  
**ALICE GERSTENBERG**



**CHICAGO**  
**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**

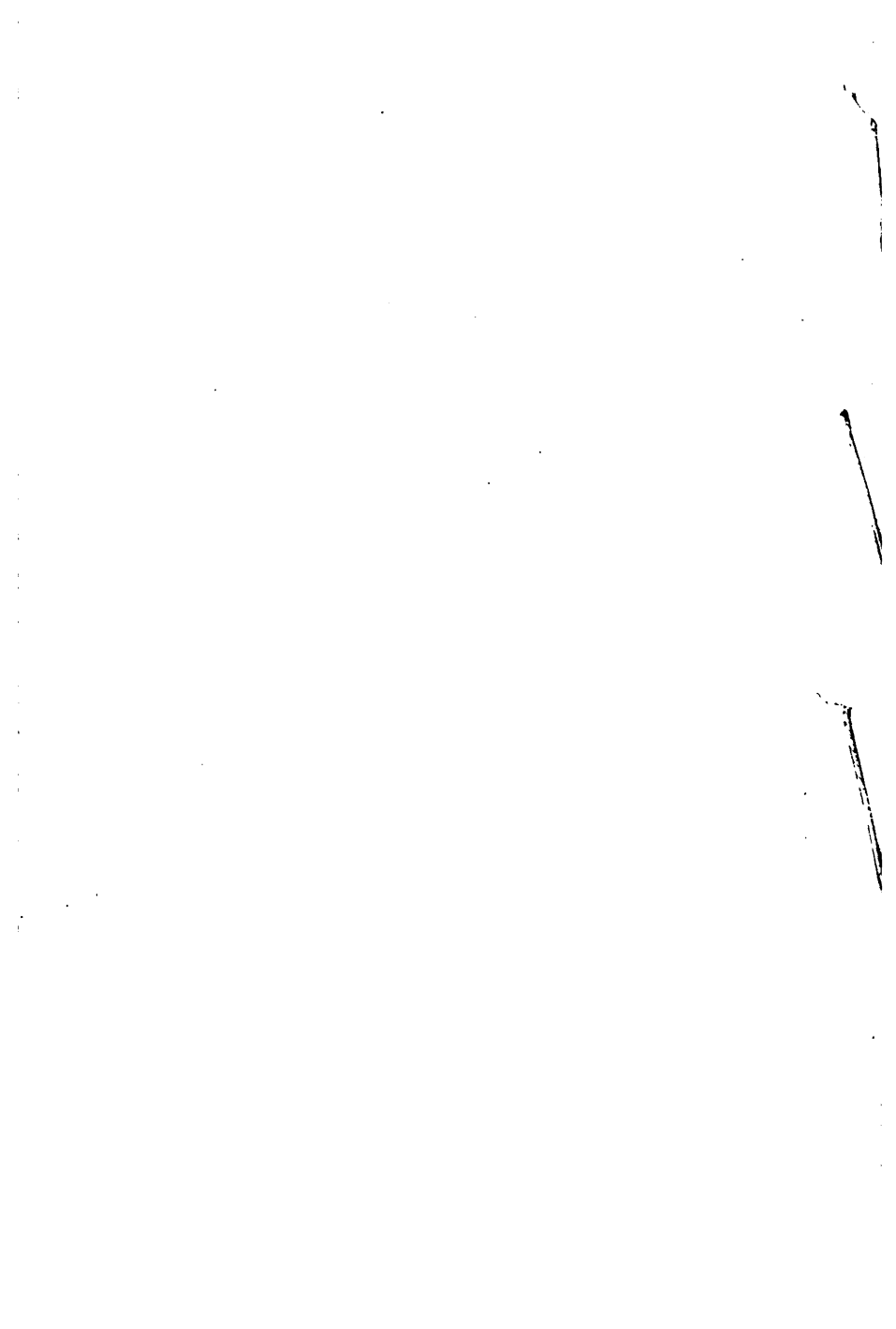
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**ALICE GERSTENBERG**



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TO  
**MY MOTHER AND FATHER**  
WHO SHARE WITH ME MY DELIGHT IN COLLEGE LIFE  
THIS BOOK OF PLAYLETS IS  
LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

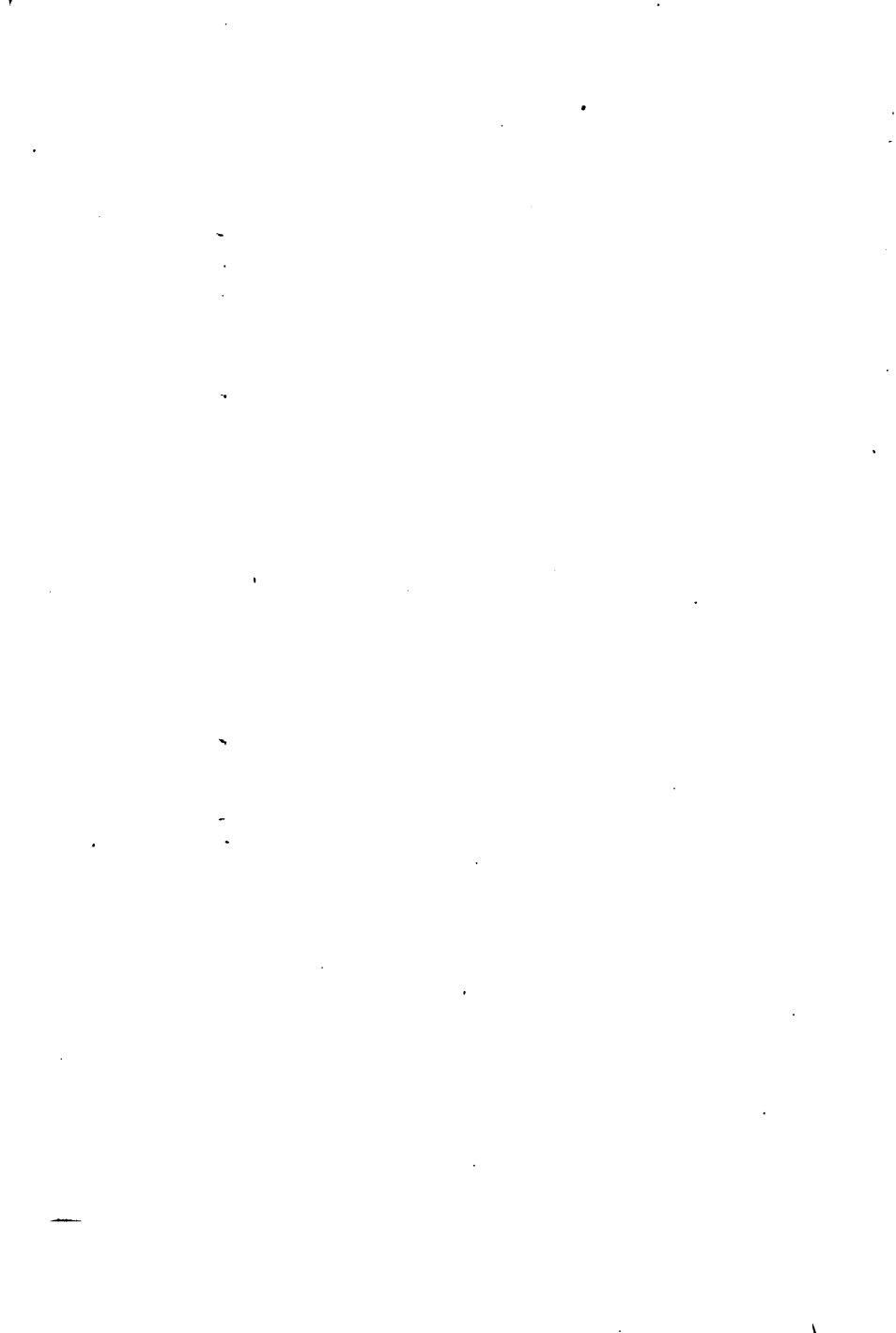
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# **THE CLASS PRESIDENT**



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## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

even mother's letter won't satisfy—now—I wonder if [*Goes to desk R.*] Louise! O, if I had only known him before I helped Louise to win him. [*Weighs letter in her hand.*] She doesn't understand him, his aims, political ambitions. She is a child; the wife of a future foreign ambassador must be quick and subtle. Louise is too true. I wonder if I dare—it would be dishonest—I could never forgive myself—yet—what does he say? [*Opens letter, reads only heading.*] “To my sweet little class president”—“My dream girl.” [*In pain.*] Oh—for him to call her that!—after my poem of the “Dream Girl.” He thinks she wrote it, that her heart has been aching to be called that by one whom she—loves—and—and that name is a part of myself! Why, why, didn't I meet him before I taught Louise how to win him!

HARRIET FLEMING. [*Opens door.*] Louise in?

PAT. [*Startled.*] No, she is at a supper party.

HARRIET. Without you?



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PAT. Not our set; merely presidential policy on her part.

HARRIET. [*Laughs.*] O, I see! [*Exit.*]

PAT. Burn it? But it belongs to Louise;—tell her I opened it by mistake. [*Returns to her own desk.*] “Little class president”—he seems impressed by her honor—her aptitude for political affairs, I suppose, but he doesn’t know it was I who canvassed for her—that I am the power behind the throne—oh, dear, I’m afraid I’m getting jealous of Louise—[*Singing of “Auld Lang Syne” heard in distance, Pat tries to study.*] The girls are returning from glee club. [*Girls singing come nearer, Beth, Syd, Chip enter, others pass down corridor humming.*]

BETH, SYD, CHIP. [*In chorus.*] Hello, Pat, working hard? Don’t be such an angel!

PAT. You seem well drilled!

CHIP. We met the mail on the way, and were told you were working.

SYD. We came to interrupt you for fear you’d have more chances at Heaven than the rest of us lazy-bones.

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BETH. I don't think it's good for you to study so much. You will be a nervous wreck by Christmas time!

SYD. She got high credit in Psychology.

BETH. I should think she would when every month she has a story accepted by the College Chronicle.

CHIP. Don't forget to mention that several of those stories are written by Pat, but signed Louise. Think of the furor that little poem of the "Dream Girl" made when it came out in the College Chronicle. Everybody except us thinks Louise wrote it.

PAT. Ssh! Ssh!

CHIP. Excuse me, excuse me, little birdie peeped too loud.

SYD. Well, you haven't told us yet what kind of a time you had at the house party.

PAT. Oh, bully!

SYD. Who was there?

PAT. Three girls and three men, but nobody you know except Louise, of course, and a man whom I met for the first time, John Curson.

GIRLS. [*In chorus.*] Was he there? Tell us about him.

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BETH. Still so uninterested in femininity?

PAT. No, decidedly convivial.

CHIP. Perhaps his golf has improved.

BETH. You are always thinking of golf; what was the reason, Pat?

PAT. Ask me.

BETH. Well, I do.

CHIP. Got anything to eat?

PAT. You'll find some candy in my room.

CHIP. All right. [*Exit L.*]

PAT. He seemed suddenly to have awakened from his trance, they said, and was at last aware that there were girls around. We quite impressed him.

CHIP. [*Off.*] Where did you say the candy was?

PAT. On my washstand— He really danced consecutively all Saturday night, instead of retiring, as usual, in boredom.

SYD. Did he get dippy about you?

PAT. Well, my dear,—Louise—

CHIP. [*Off.*] Where is that candy?

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

PAT. Can't you find it? Look in my suitcase, under the bed; where did I put it? Try the shoe-box; I was in such a hurry to get to my lectures this morning.

SYD. But he was dippy about you?

PAT. Well, Louise—

CHIP. [*Off.*] Pat, I can't find the candy, but there is some condensed milk on your window sill. Can we make some hot chocolate?

PAT. Certainly; where is that candy?  
[*Goes L.*] Syd, you'll find the chocolate in the bookcase. [*Exit.*]

BETH. I'm sick of hearing about Louise—it's always Louise with every girl in college, and Pat is really behind it all; I'm tired of this farce!

SYD. It isn't right, it really isn't.

BETH. Who virtually directs the class meetings?

BETH and SYD. Pat!

BETH. Who remembers all the conventions and saves the class from making ignominious official moves?

BETH and SYD. Pat!

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

BETH. Who writes Louise's presidential speeches?

SYD. They sound like Pat.

BETH. It's always Pat. [*Arranges cups on tea table. Enter Pat and Chip with milk and candy.*]

PAT. Where do you think I found the candy? The chamber-maid used it as a prop for my three-legged bureau! Didn't you find the spoons in the book-case?

BETH. Nope, only the chocolate.

PAT. Of course; Louise took them into her room to wash. [*Exit Beth R.*] You know I think housekeeping at college is awfully strenuous; mother would have a fit if she saw this. [*Blows dust out of cup.*]

SYD. I always allow three days for cleaning up before my mother arrives, and even then on the third day the girls are bound to demand afternoon tea to plague me, and mess all my dishes up again.

BETH. [*Enters from R.*] There are no spoons there.

PAT. How stupid of me! That little

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

freshman across the corridor borrowed them over Sunday. I'll get them on my way back from the tea pantry; I'm off for the hot water. [*Exit R. B.*]

BETH. [*Stirring mixture with paper-cutter.*] I'll muggle Pat's "goo." You know the folks at home think we are crazy to mix sweet chocolate and milk like this, but I can't drink the cook's cocoa now; it's too weak—look here, Chip, you're for Pat, aren't you?

CHIP. Sure, Mike.

SYD. Why not put her up for class president?

CHIP. But Pat is already booming Louise up for her second year of the presidency.

BETH. It's a pretty mean trick for us, it seems to me, to doom Pat to another year of work without getting the credit for it.

CHIP. Well, that is true; the elections come off on Thursday afternoon, so we have lots of time to put Pat up; by Jove, I'm crazy to.

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

SYD. The class seems dead solid for Louise already, though.

BETH. What if it is? We have to make Pat popular at Louise's expense.

CHIP. But how?

SYD. We'll have to plan that.

BETH. Simply show the class that Louise has been nothing but a puppet in Pat's hands ever since she was made president, a year ago.

CHIP. But how to do that?

[*Enter Pat with spoons, kettle of hot water, box of crackers, open bottle of olives.*]

PAT. Pour the hot water on the "goo," Chip, and there are the spoons. I swiped the crackers and the olives from one of my neighbors; where is that paper-cutter? Shoot it! too big. Anybody got a hat pin? Nobody has a hat pin? Louise has one in there, Chip. [*Chip exit R. and re-enter again with pin.*] I won't hunt for anything more in my room. The mice will have plenty of things on the floor to play hide and seek with to-night. My goodness, what are you all so grave about?

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

BETH. We have been considering the advisability of elaborating upon a system by which you might be the recipient of the favors we consider your due.

PAT. Your temperature *sounds* high!

SYD. We want to make you president, Pat.

PAT. That is very kind of you.

CHIP. Would you really like to be president, Pat?

PAT. [*Aside.*] He'd like it; if Louise lost the election it might mean that he would care less and—

BETH. We were on the point of debating—

SYD. Fiddle-sticks; we don't know.

CHIP. What would you suggest, Pat?

PAT. Rather queer of you to ask me that, isn't it?—especially, since I've canvassed Louise to the nines already.

BETH. What is her most vulnerable part in the opinion of the class?

SYD. Snobbery, I should say; she is too identified with our clique.

PAT. But Louise is the most democratic of us all.



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BETH. But the class doesn't think so, and *that* is the point; if we could make Louise seem very much of a snob and lord-ing it over you, it's only the few of us who really know your influence over her, we might succeed in ingratiating you in the class's favor.

SYD. I have it! In class meeting this noon, you remember, the class voted that the committee to select the play and cast should be appointed by the president! Influence Louise to appoint only snobs whom *we* can control.

PAT. Brilliant and simple! I see it all.

CHIP. So quickly? It shows your wit for president; the scheme is taking some time to penetrate my skull; it's pretty tough from all the golf balls that have struck it. But, if—

LOUISE. [*Outside.*] I hope you will have more success than I did in crossing the campus.

GIRLS. Ssh! Louise!

LOUISE. [*Enters R., cape over evening gown covered with snow.*] Hello,

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

girls; I haven't seen you since Pat and I returned from the house-party last night. How cozy you look; I'm soaked; drifts of snow a foot deep across the sidewalks. [*Dries feet at fire.*]

PAT. Just a moment and I'll have your chocolate ready; it will warm you up.

LOUISE. Don't trouble, dear, I'll do it. [*Goes to her desk, surprised at letter being opened, says nothing, puts it in her corsage without reading.*] Been having a good time?

SYD. Glee club.

CHIP. Where have you been?

LOUISE. Down in Chester Hall—Kate Black's supper party.

BETH. Shouldn't think you would care to have anything to do with her.

LOUISE. I don't, particularly, only Pat said it would be good policy for me to go; to show I'm in sympathy with all the members of the class.

BETH. Why lower your dignity to mingle with the pills?

LOUISE. I, don't want to be unkind Beth.

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

SYD. The hall is a box of pills.

LOUISE. But I have to know the individuals of the class in more than a casual way. In appointing committees—

PAT. Oh, yes, Louise, whom have you decided to put on that committee to select the play?

LOUISE. Well, I haven't really thought about it yet; I've been so busy with a score of other class matters which heaped up over Sunday. I suppose, though, Goodrich and Davis and—

PAT. But Goodrich and Davis are the best actresses in the class. They ought not to choose the cast.

LOUISE. Why not? They know so much about acting they would find the suitable person for each part.

BETH. [*Aside.*] That is too democratic!

PAT. They would take the leading parts for themselves, and, of course, they deserve them; but it would look better if a committee appointed them.

LOUISE. That is true; and, anyway,

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

they will be given the leading parts, won't they? They have had them in every play we have ever given, and the whole college thinks them our stars.

CHIP. Cora Seawell has never been on a committee before.

LOUISE. Hasn't she? Then I'll put her on. [*Writes down name.*]

CHIP. [*Aside.*] She is awfully snobbish.

BETH. Put Pat on.

PAT. [*Quickly.*] No, I won't be on. How many did the class vote to have?

LOUISE. Five—I'll put you down, Beth and Syd—that's three—I can't put you on, too, Chip, it wouldn't be fair; Kate Black—

SYD. The girl to whose supper party you went to-night?

LOUISE. Yes.

PAT. Don't do that.

LOUISE. Why?

PAT. The class will think she bribed you by asking you to her party.

LOUISE. O, how horrid! I never thought of that.

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

PAT. Put down Harriet Fleming.

LOUISE. [*Writes it.*] And how about Lill Jerems?

SYD. She is such a pill.

BETH. Not a grain of wit.

CHIP. Too easily persuaded. Eats an awful lot. [*Eats candy.*]

PAT. [*Aside.*] Really a dreadful fighter.

LOUISE. How is Hester Scott?

SYD. O, pshaw!

BETH. Impossible.

CHIP. Dreadful pill.

LOUISE. Why?

CHIP. Oh, I don't know; don't like the color of her hair.

LOUISE. But I must take some one who isn't in our clique; the class must be represented.

PAT. Put in Sadie Foster.

LOUISE. [*Writes.*] There, that makes five. Girls, you should have seen the professors snow-balling each other; it was more fun, and, girls, did Pat tell you what

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a splendid time we had at the house-party! She met John Curson at last. He gave us each a box of candy when we left. Why didn't you offer my candy to the girls, Pat? I'll get it. [*Exit R.*]

BETH. We have that committee packed to suit us all right, all right. Weren't we clever? She really is sweet, and dotes on you, Pat.

[*Louise returns with box of candy, and girls, because they have been plotting against her, nervously begin to sing college songs; then bell tolls.*]

PAT. Quiet hours, ssh! or we will be proctored.

[*"Ssh" is heard in corridor, Beth, Syd and Chip rise and putting hands on each others shoulders tip-toe a little dance out of room with "ssh", "ssh" in the time of the chorus they have just been singing and quietly close door behind them. Louise takes out her letter to read. Pause.*]

PAT. I'm awfully sorry, but I opened your letter by mistake.

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

LOUISE. Did you? Then it is all right; I thought it was rather queer. Have you one?

PAT. Who from?

LOUISE. John Curson?

PAT. Why should I?

LOUISE. [*Puts arms about Pat.*] Oh, Pat, isn't it great?

PAT. What?

LOUISE. Having a big strong man in love with you? I have been so excited all day; I didn't understand a word of the lectures this morning. What do you think? I found in reading over my lectures that everywhere I should have written Louis in my history notes, I wrote—John. I know I am a silly little goose, Pat, but I am in love this time.

PAT. You didn't tell me yesterday that he had—proposed.

LOUISE. He didn't, dear, it's here. He says he has been miserable ever since I left and must have a promise that—read it.

PAT. No, no, I don't want to read your—

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

LOUISE. Of course you do; I insist upon it. [*Pat reads.*] Do you suppose I am going to let a man separate us even to that extent? Our friendship is too old and means too much [*Referring to letter*], isn't it, dear?

PAT. It's very sweet to have that written to one.

† LOUISE. I told him what good friends we are and have been since we met three years ago; he said he would love you, too, for my sake; when we are married you must join us on our wedding trip.

PAT. You are getting there rather soon, aren't you?

LOUISE. I suppose I am a little previous—not until a year from now when we have our degrees—seems a long time to wait. But don't tell the girls, Pat, they would never stop teasing me. You know, dear, when he complimented me on the stories and your poem of "The Dream Girl" I couldn't confess to him that you had signed my name and had them printed in the magazine before you told me. Was it awfully wrong of me not to confess? They pleased



## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

him so and I knew it really wouldn't make any difference to you. You'll forgive me, won't you?

PAT. I am glad they pleased him.

LOUISE. He was awfully interested in your conversation at the house party, Pat, I was almost jealous, but after your coaching I managed to talk politics beautifully. Will you give me some new ideas on the war question to-morrow?

PAT. What are you going to do now?

LOUISE. Write him—everything.

PAT. Everything?

LOUISE. What I think and feel and—I am not boring you, Pat?

PAT. Go on.

LOUISE. If I am, it is because I am so used to discussing everything with you. It has been so cozy living together at college and I love every silly little trophy in this room, the good times we have had—and the one true friend I have made here—  
[Pause.] Well, I am going to write that letter now. [Louise scribbles fast, Pat tries to study—pause—Chip opens door R. B.]

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

CHIP. Good-night. [*Exit.*]

[*Pause—enter Syd in kimono, with book, R. B.*]

SYD. [*In despair.*] Pat, did he give us all that to read for to-morrow? Sallama-fusselm! I think the amount is a crime! Why, I've been working on it all evening! I've got to stay up until midnight. [*Exit.*]

[*Proctored by "Ssh" in hall as she goes out.*]

LOUISE. [*Seals letter.*] It's all done, Pat; and now I am going to bed to dream—haven't enough wit left to study. Are you going to stay up?

PAT. Yes, I have some economics to tab.

LOUISE. Good night, then [*Kisses Pat*]; I hope your dreams will be as sweet as I know mine are going to be. [*Exit R.*]

PAT. Good night.

BETH. [*In kimono, opens door R. B.*] I just discovered I have a critical essay due to-morrow at ten o'clock; what shall I take for a subject?

PAT. [*Without looking around.*] The problems of human existence.

BETH. What?

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

PAT. The morals of Shaw.

[*Exit Beth R. B.*]

LOUISE. [*Off R.*] Pat, I forgot my letter and I'm undressed; will you please put it down the chute in the hall? I want it to leave by the early morning mail. [*Throws letter out on floor—Pat picks it up—pantomime, burns it.*]

LOUISE. [*Cheerfully off R.*] Good night, dear.

PAT. [*Almost crossly.*] Good night.  
[*Pause.*] "My little Dream Girl."

CURTAIN.

---

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

### ACT II.

SCENE. *The same. Pat is giving a tea party just before the election. A few days later. Buzz of conversation. Whole cast on.*

BETH. [*Aside to Syd.*] Do you think it will pan out?

SYD. It's got to.

BETH. Pat has invited all the pills to win them over. [*Buzz.*]

MARY. Let's have the "Goodrich-Davis stunt."

DOROTHY DAVIS. Aren't you sick of that yet?

GIRLS. [*Clap.*] No, do give it, come, now, do!

[*Davis bends to look like old woman, draws in lips as if she had no teeth, talks in character voice, Goodrich seats herself left, pantomime of the woman in an intelligence office.*]

DAVIS. [*To Goodrich.*] Good morning, are you very busy to-day? Have you a butler coachman desiring a situation?

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

GOODRICH. A butler and a coachman, madam?

DAVIS. No, indeed, not both, a butler who knows how to coach and a coachman that can buttle. You see, ever since the decease of my dear departed husband, Jeremiah Babler, I am Mrs. Babler. The children have wished me to move into a neighborhood more fashionable these days, but I have insisted upon remaining in the old homestead; but the children have been forcible in their protestations. Last evening my son Horace, he is 33, stood on a plate and waved a chair above his head—as a demonstration of his earnestness—I mean he stood upon a chair—you know I always get the horse before the cart. Now, Isabella, and Natalie are debutants this year, so they say I must make a good appearance for their sakes.

GOODRICH. How much would you be willing to give a coachman, madam?

DAVIS. That would depend upon how well he buttles. Horace has a butler that takes my breath away, his collars choke him so, and he serves the after-dinner cof-

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

fee cups so nicely in the coffee; and his horse olives, or what do you call those spicy sandwiches they serve before the soup—at any rate, a coachman butler ought to make splendid horse olives, oughtn't he?

GOODRICH. Madam, did you desire—

DAVIS. No, I don't want any one by the name of Meyer; it must be a fashionable name; I should much prefer Leontes or Pa-ola. My son Horace says I mustn't get too far behind the band wagon. I shouldn't really, now, should I?

GOODRICH. What kind of a man—

DAVIS. A very kind man, of course, who will be kind to the horse and the cook; the cook is a good old soul, but in a temper once she almost killed a doughnut with Jeremiah. The accident might have been serious, but fortunately only the hole struck my husband's little finger.

GOODRICH. I have never had any applicants for such a position.

DAVIS. Have you not? Then I am very much afraid you are not in the band wagon at all. Mrs. Cornelius Jones, Jones Crayfield, Alexander Jones, has such an one; &

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

see him sneak from the house to the stables and drive up in front with the horses; when she is out and I call on her I always wait to see that she is out when I call. There is a card pinned to the door, "bell broken." There is nothing to prevent me from having a bell broken, now, is there?

GOODRICH. Madam, I can only offer you a coachman.

DAVIS. I am sorry, that will not do at all; I shall have to ask Mrs. Cornelius Jones, Jones Crayfield, Alexander Jones, just where Mr. Cornelius Jones, Jones Crayfield, Alexander Jones procured a coachman who could buttle. [*Applause from girls.*]

CHIP. [*To Mary.*] Aren't you excited about the elections?

MARY. Not very. Everybody expects Louise to be re-elected.

BETH. [*To May.*] You know Pat has been put up.

MAY RUNNELS. Really! How interesting, room-mates against each other. Why?

BETH. Slews of people in the class think Pat is a little more democratic than Louise,

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

and cleverer. She does so much work for the class and ought to have the honor for at least one year.

MAY R. You are right there.

BETH. Bully for you. [*Aside to Syd.*] That's number six for me.

CORA. You aren't looking very well to-day, Louise.

LOUISE. No? I haven't thought about it; do you know if the afternoon mail has come?

CORA. Yes, I think it has; looking for a letter?

LOUISE. Well—I thought—mother might write—that's all.

MAY R. Good bye, Pat; it was sweet of you to ask me to your tea.

PAT. Don't hurry off yet. We are all going to the class meeting for the elections.

MAY R. Then I'll wait.

MARY. [*To Goodrich and Davis.*] Aren't you excited, Florence Goodrich and you, Dorothy Davis, about the play? It has leaked out that the committee has chosen "The School for Scandal," and, of course,



## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

everybody knows you will be Sir Peter and you Lady Teazle.

GOODRICH. Wasn't it a queer committee, though?

MARY. Why?

GOODRICH. Not a girl in it that knows beans about acting!

DAVIS. I don't like to be pessimistic, but I'm not so sure about getting a part.

GOODRICH. It will kill me if they have cut me out.

MARY. Oh, but, my dear, I am sure they haven't.

CHIP. [*Coming down.*] Rather queer committee for Louise to have chosen, I think.

DAVIS. She almost always chooses queer ones.

CHIP. Well, Pat didn't approve of her choice, but what can one do? Pat is so sensible, too. Louise is awfully sweet and gracious, but to be president——

DAVIS. One must assert oneself.

CHIP. You know they have Pat up for president?

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

DAVIS. Yes.

CHIP. Think you'll vote for her?

DAVIS. I don't tell any one whom I vote for.

CHIP. [*Moves off to Beth.*] One wet blanket that time.

GOODRICH. [*To Davis.*] If I am not in the cast I'll be furious; horribly snobbish committee.

SYD. [*To Pat.*] Do you think Louise can spoil the plan by saying anything?

PAT. She hasn't the courage and she isn't quick enough to get herself out of a difficulty. I see no reason why the plan should not work. [*Buzz of conversation.*]

LOUISE. [*Raps on table.*] May I please call the—tea party to order? I have been requested to let the chairman of the play committee read her report here as every one is anxious to know what play has been selected. Will the chairman read the report?

BETH. According to class vote the committee for the play was appointed by the president. The play chosen by said com-

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

mittee is Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

[*Applause.*] The cast is as follows:

Sir Peter.....Chip Plynton

Lady Teazle.....Pat Dickenson

[*Gasps from girls.*]

PAT. [*Excited bravado manner.*] The choice is absurd; I never acted in my life and Chip is an elephant in costume. There must be some mistake. I insist that another committee be named that shall cast the parts according to merit; we want justice, not favoritism!

[*Clapping of hands, exclamations of "Bully for Pat, I'm going to vote for her; why doesn't Louise say something?"*]

BETH. Let's get a new committee after we have voted for president. The rest of the class must be waiting for us now in the students' sitting room.

SYD. To the elections!

CHIP. Come on, girls! [*Excited rush to door R. B.*]

LOUISE. [*Authoritatively.*] Stop! One moment. The class meeting will wait. I wish to speak to the committee in your presence.

## *THE CLASS PRESIDENT.*

CHIP. But——

SYD. But——

LOUISE. Will the meeting please come to order? Cora Seawell, why did you vote to give Chip and Pat the leading parts?

CORA. Why I—thought they could do it.

LOUISE. But why not to some one you know can act?

CORA. I wanted to give somebody else a chance.

LOUISE. To ruin the play and our reputation?

CORA. It isn't fair to cast the same people every time.

LOUISE. Were you asked to vote for them?

CORA. No.

LOUISE. You did it of your own accord.

CORA. Yes.

LOUISE. You thought it over carefully?

CORA. Yes.

CHIP. Bother the play; we don't want the parts, give them to Goodrich and Davis. Let's go to the election.

LOUISE. Will the meeting please come

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

to order? Harriet Fleming, was the vote for Chip and Pat unanimous?

HARRIET. Yes.

LOUISE. Without discussion?

HARRIET. No.

LOUISE. Ah, then there was discussion?

HARRIET. No.

LOUISE. How no?

HARRIET. As to the choice of play.

LOUISE. Sadie Foster, you still think you made a wise choice?

SADIE. Yes.

LOUISE. You were not persuaded to the decision?

SADIE. No.

LOUISE. You decided so in a committee meeting?

SADIE. No.

LOUISE. Who was in your room last night?

SADIE. Why, Beth——

BETH. [*Quickly.*] She means Beth Caxton.

LOUISE. Cora, was Syd with you last night?

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

CORA. Yes.

LOUISE. Ah, she *was*.

SYD. Cora means that as I passed her room and saw her sitting there I called out "Hello."

CORA. That is what I meant.

LOUISE. Why were you in Cora's hall, Syd?

SYD. I went to see Jane Lester.

LOUISE. At what time?

SYD. Nine.

PAT. Ten.

LOUISE. You, too? Jane was in here last night at nine o'clock; she remained an hour. Circumstantial evidence is against you; you must have had some strong motive for visiting Cora, that you take such pains to conceal the fact. This looks as if there had been false play somewhere. You know the reasons, Syd, for these selections?

SYD. No.

LOUISE. But you couldn't discuss without knowing something?

SYD. No.

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

LOUISE. Then you *did* know.

SYD. Yes.

LOUISE. You just said you didn't; and Beth knows your reasons, and Pat?

PAT. I was not on the committee.

BETH. You didn't want Pat on the committee.

LOUISE. She did not wish to be! She declared so vehemently; so she knows, too.

SYD. Yes.

LOUISE. Ah, then she *does* know, *thank* you! Then will the committee explain its reasons for casting the play in this way? Will you explain your reasons?

PAT. Really, it is a very ridiculous situation—I don't wish to explain, it is all so petty—don't you think we had better go on to the election?

LOUISE. I declare the play committee dissolved, and will leave the selection of another one to the president, my successor. Let us go to the class meeting.

[*As girls rush out, exclamations of "I never saw Louise have such poise; what do you suppose it is all about? I'm going to vote for Louise, she's*

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

*been bully to keep her temper like that. I guess I'll change my mind about voting for Pat.'"]*

BETH. [*Aside to Pat.*] We're lost.

CHIP. But we can still try; come on, girls. [*Exit all but Louise.*]

LOUISE. Just a moment alone to think; I don't understand it; and Pat, that is what hurts most; I mustn't show my agitation as I go in. [*About to leave room when telephone rings; answers it.*] "Hello, yes, this is Louise Moore—who,—Jack Curson—I, cold? I'm sure I don't know what you expect me to be—answer your letter? Why, I did! You didn't get it? Oh, I'm so glad."

MAY R. [*Calls.*] Louise, the class is waiting for you.

LOUISE. I can't come now—long distance connection—have the vice-president take my place— He never got it—he never got it! [*Exit girl.*] Your other letter? When? Yesterday morning? No. That is strange! How could I forget you; do you really? As much as that? All for myself?—and not because I'm class president?



## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

You had forgotten that? but I'm awfully worried about some college matters; I shouldn't worry? It's only a little world, you say, and you don't care a snap about it only because it holds me? [*Laughs.*] Oh, Jack, you're just bully! One year long to wait? But I want my degree. You don't care? Yes, I'd love to meet you there at one to-morrow. Well, I would like a lobster and a—chocolate parfait—good bye. [*After she has hung up receiver she says an enthusiastic "dear" into the phone.*] Now, that class meeting!

[*Opens door and stops to listen; the class is cheering "Zim, bum, bah, rah, rah, rah, Moore."* Girls rush down hall and in doorway; congratulate Louise upon re-election. Exit Louise. Stage empty for a while, noise outside; enter Pat alone, shows her disappointment. Pause. Enter Beth, Chip and Syd.]

BETH. [*Arms around Pat.*] Oh, we are so sorry.

CHIP. Wasn't Louise the limit?

PAT. I never thought she had it in her;

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

the plan would have worked beautifully if she had been unable to grasp the situation.

SYD. Yes, the class was wild to elect you right after you made your heroic speech against favoritism.

CHIP. Yes, but I would rather Pat had not said I look like an elephant in costume!

PAT. Well, it's all over and we'll have to make the best of it.

BETH. But it makes me furious to think

---

LOUISE. [*Enters, goes to Pat.*] I'm awfully sorry, Pat.

BETH. [*Sneeringly.*] We congratulate you, Louise.

LOUISE. If I had only known long ago how you cared, but you were always pushing me forward so I never dreamed of it. And now—girls, please sit down, we are alone and can talk more openly.

BETH. It seems to me you spoke openly enough at the tea to make us appear like fools.

LOUISE. You forced me to defend my honor; it came so quickly I couldn't foresee the effect it would have on the elections.

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

Why did you influence me to appoint such a committee and persuade it to cast the parts in such an unreasonable way, then publicly denounce it?

SYD. Because we wanted Pat for president and wanted to show the class what a little fool you are——

PAT. Don't, Syd, don't——

SYD. Because we are tired of having Pat run you without getting the credit. You might thank us for concealing the true reasons from the class.

LOUISE. [*Slowly.*] If you had not kept the true reasons from the class, you would have no influence left; as it is, the class looks upon the whole affair as a petty plot to annoy me; a joke, if you will; I had intended withdrawing my name from the nominations, as soon as I discovered you had put Pat up, but at the important moment I could not do so without losing my self-respect.

PAT. It's a stupid affair, Louise, and after all very petty and of no importance a hundred years from now; let's forget about it and begin where we left off.

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

CHIP. Whistle a foul and throw the ball again.

BETH. In my opinion we've queered ourselves a bit with the class and it's up to us to make good again.

PAT. I'll write a lyric about it and we'll laugh it off. [*Knock at door.*] Come.

MARY. [*Opens door.*] I was just passing by and stopped to congratulate Louise. [*Starts out.*]

LOUISE. Oh, Mary.

MARY. Yes.

LOUISE. Are you sure you haven't lost any letters addressed to me?

MARY. I think not. You were never in when I brought them, so I put them on your desk or gave them to Pat.

LOUISE. To Pat?

MARY. Yes, I——

LOUISE. That will do. [*Exit Mary.*] There has been more foul play here; you have tampered with my mail.

[*Beth, Chip and Syd rise indignant, but Pat remains seated; Louise sees Pat is guilty, but controls herself.*]

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

LOUISE. [*Laughs.*] I am an awful fool, really, girls, an awful fool, I know *now* what the joke is, some of the seniors said they were playing on me. We have forgotten that we were going coasting; you'd better hurry before it gets too dark; will you get the sleds out? Pat and I will join you in a few moments; I must see to this joke first, it is so funny! Ha, ha, ha! [*Closes door on girls, faces Pat and says in hurt tone.*] How dare you?

PAT. I couldn't stand it!

LOUISE. You opened my first letter and read it.

PAT. I only saw that he addressed you as class president and I couldn't bear it, Louise, really, I couldn't, I was jealous, I——

LOUISE. You didn't mail my letter.

PAT. How do you know?

LOUISE. He telephoned me. You read his second letter.

PAT. Stop! You can't say that of me! I burned it, but I did *not* read it. On my word of honor.

LOUISE. What is your word of honor?

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

You cheat me, lie to me, use me as a tool in your hands; what right have you to interfere with my affairs, what right to burn

---

PAT. I wanted to gain time——

LOUISE. For what?

PAT. For him to consider if he really cared for you for your own self, or to see if it were only because you were class president——

LOUISE. Because?

PAT. Because I love him, too, and I wanted a chance!

LOUISE. You, you, Pat, you, oh! [*Pause of grief, gently.*] I—I—told him over the 'phone to-day that I would—marry him.

PAT. We'll have to forget—I was wrong, Louise—I—the class——

LOUISE. It's not the class or the burning of the letters I am thinking about, it is the future; we cannot go on living at college like this.

PAT. [*Slowly.*] No, I suppose not; I'll exchange my room with some one else—whom do you want for a room-mate?

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

LOUISE. There wasn't any one in this world I wanted for a room-mate, except you, Pat, and now there is no one. Throughout my college life you have meant everything to me; you have a little coterie of girls who worship you, but I have no one; I have not cared to make intimate friends because I was content with pleasant acquaintances and your friendship; I can't conceive of life at college without that friendship.

PAT. But we can be friends again, Louise, forgive me——

LOUISE. No, it can never be the same; you have killed something in me, Pat; I wish you hadn't, Oh, I wish you hadn't, something which even Jack's love cannot dull the loss of; I'm sorry, Pat, but our friendship is dead. [*Tears.*]

PAT. Don't, don't. [*Regret for everything she has done expressed in voice.*]

LOUISE. [*Trying to control herself.*] College doesn't mean anything to me now; I shall have to stay until Christmas time for the sake of appearances, but I am not coming back after the holidays. Then they

## THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

will make you president. [*Voice tearful.*] There is a much bigger world outside of these college walls where I may learn to forget. [*Off, girls are singing "Auld Lang Syne."*] I shall have to—try— [*Louise pauses, then as the song recalls the sweet past of their friendship, puts out her hand impulsively and says, as if her heart were breaking*], Good bye, Pat.

Picture.

CURTAIN.



# **CAPTAIN JOE**

Captain Joe was written for Miss Lydston and first produced at The Anna Morgan Studios, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, March 12, 1908, with the following cast:

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JOSEPHINE SCOTT ("*Captain Joe*").....  
.....MISS JOSEPHINE LYDSTON  
MILDRED LINN, *her room-mate*..MISS GLADYS CHAPECK  
KATE WINSTON, *second team forward*.....  
.....MISS HARRIET BORGWARDT  
PAT DICKENSON, *class president*..MISS ELEANOR POTTER  
SUE CARPENTER, *unathletic*.....MISS MABEL WEIL  
JUNE POWELL, *the little freshman*.....  
.....MISS DOROTHY SARGENT  
MISS BLANCH MARTIN, }  
MISS GREER, }  
MISS HAZEL YONDORF, } *Team Girls (from 5 to 7)*  
MISS HAZEL HABBERTON, }  
MISS DOROTHY RISSMAN. }

*Place.*

A COLLEGE IN THE EAST.

*Time.*

SPRING.

*Plays forty-five minutes.*

(The class numerals must be changed to suit the year of the performance.)

## CAPTAIN JOE.

### ACT I.

SCENE. *Kate's study; door to corridor L. bedroom, Right back, window Right front. Banners, tea things, golf sticks, basket-ball, tennis racket, etc., to indicate a college room. Time, afternoon. Kate, wearing a basket-ball suit without numerals, squatted on cushion, studying; Sue and June in white shirt waist suits and white shoes; Sue in chair; June lying on the floor. Fan themselves and sip lemonade to show it is hot weather.*

JUNE. [*Reading from book.*] "Tum ex suis unum sciscitatum Roman ad patrem mittit, quidnam se facere vellet, quandoquidem ut." Scissors! now what does that mean? Don't these old Latin things just floor you? [*Picks up dictionary.*] Come here, Dic.; I see I shall have to look up every other word as usual, and it's such a bore! Kate, what does "quandoquidem" mean?

## CAPTAIN JOE.

KATE. Heavens! don't ask me; you can't expect a junior to remember her freshman Latin.

JUNE. Sue, don't you know?

SUE. Unfortunately, I am a junior, too; I did know once, but it seems very long ago.

JUNE. [*Playfully.*] When you were a little freshman just like me? Is there anything I can do for your Majesties to-day? Any errands to run?

KATE. No, June, dear; even though you are only a little freshman we're awfully keen about you. We will limit class distinction to your letting us pass out of a door first and always moving off the sidewalk to give us room.

JUNE. I am very grateful. Oh, wasn't Livy a queer old duck!

SUE. Not half as queer as my laboratory lobster, whose front paw, I'll have you know, is a "chela"; he has the funniest nervous system. Imagine a lobster having nerves! and all his legs are called, scientifically speaking,—

KATE. Please don't talk; it's getting

## *CAPTAIN JOE.*

too near final exams for joking. Whew, it's hot! I'm trying to learn my literature. Let me see, Sir Thomas Browne was a hypochondriac, he loved his family and died of the cholic on his birthday. Oh, yes, and he wrote the "Urn-Burial," I almost forgot that.

SUE. Hush, I've got to learn my biology.

JUNE. It's no fun working in this weather; let's take our books out under the trees.

KATE. Then you surely wouldn't get anything done. There are too many people on the Campus to distract the attention. Please don't talk; I've got to learn as much of this as possible before I go down for basket-ball practice.

JUNE. After your first team has played? It's an honor to make the 18, but I'm sorry they didn't put you on the nine. What position do you play?

KATE. Center forward.

JUNE. Oh, do you? Why, that's Josephine Scott's on the first team. Oh, well, no one can play as well as your Cap-

## CAPTAIN JOE.

tain Joe. She is such a star that she'll surely make the 'varsity after the final games are over.

SUE. Girls, we *must* win to-morrow; think what it'll mean; we'll hold the championship for basket-ball!

JUNE. [*Pretending to weep.*] The sophomores whipped us poor freshmen to smithereens, but you juniors had to put up a big fight against the seniors even if you did win in the end; now your third game with the sophomores, isn't it exciting; how is your score?

KATE. The first game was 3 to 0 in our favor; the second, 5 to 3 in theirs; tomorrow's game settles the championship. Oh, if I could only play on the team!

JUNE. You have never made your numerals.

KATE. No, that is why I feel so badly; for the three years that I have been on the second team I never was given a chance to substitute and play in a match game; I won't have a chance to-morrow, either; Joe is flawless.

JUNE. It would be terrible if Captain

## CAPTAIN JOE.

Joe couldn't play; you'll surely get your numerals in senior year.

KATE. Thanks for your frankness in telling me I can't play as well as Joe.

JUNE. Play better than your Captain! You don't believe that yourself.

KATE. I can, but I'm not as popular as Joe, that's all.

SUE. That has no weight in selecting a team, but Joe is undoubtedly the most popular girl in the class.

JUNE. She ought to be.

SUE. [*Laughs.*] That'll do for you, June; everyone knows you have a crush on Joe.

JUNE. Well, I suppose I have; I admit I'm crazy about her, but I'm not the only one; there are dozens of sophomores besides us freshmen, and, what's more, I know a junior, that's you, Sue.

SUE. Oh, no, we know each other too well to have our friendship a species of crush. Don't you let her hear the word; she hates it and squelches everyone who uses it or sends her flowers or—

## *CAPTAIN JOE.*

KATE. Nevertheless, her room is always filled with flowers; Mildred says she is the one who gets the most pleasure from them, as she is ill so much.

SUE. Mildred oughtn't to be in college.

JUNE. Mildred Linn, Joe's room-mate?

SUE. Yes; she isn't a bit strong this year; her work is either wonderfully brilliant or very bad; even the professors have remarked it.

JUNE. Since I was made fire lieutenant, I have noticed that she is in bed a great deal; she hasn't attended a fire drill once.

KATE. When are you going to have another drill? How I hate them! The last one was two weeks ago.

JUNE. Pretty soon.

KATE. Not when the games are on? You couldn't wake up the teams at 11 o'clock at night for that?

JUNE. Of course not. If you'll be good and not tell I'll warn you; this evening at 6, when all the girls are in the hall dressing for dinner.

KATE. Thanks! That relieves my mind. I'll hang my towel over that chair nearest



## CAPTAIN JOE.

the door so that I can grab it heroically as I dash out. It's worth one's while to appear first in line and be sent to inspect the rooms and give the alarm.

SUE. I should say so. I'm usually the last arrival and have the extreme pleasure of carrying a sand bucket to the place where the fire is supposed to be, but *is not*. Girls, Girls, we *must* work!

[*Girls turn to their books again.*]

JUNE. "Tum ex suis unum sciscitatum Roman ad patrem mittit, quidnam"—

SUE. Girls, have you missed any of your things lately?

KATE. That was queer, wasn't it, the way Blanche's watch disappeared one day and was returned the next? The person who stole it evidently didn't have the courage to keep it. Do you suppose it was one of the chamber-maids?

JUNE. I suppose so. I don't think any of the girls would do such a thing. It is certainly a mystery.

KATE. Whew, it's hot! [*Opens window.*] and I've got the window up as far as it will go. No, it must be a chamber-maid;

## CAPTAIN JOE.

but which one? [*Laughing heard off; Kate calls out of window.*] Joe, Joe Scott, how's the team to-day?

SUE. [*Rushes to window.*] Stop in here on your way to your room; we want to hear particulars. [*Puts arms about Kate and dances about room.*] Our team must win. I am beginning to wish I could play, too; but we, the non-athletic, can only sit along the side lines and *howl* for victory.

[*Kate opens door. Heard off, "Hello, Joe; how's your team, Captain?"*]

JOE. [*Off.*] I can't give you my personal opinions; wait until we've played.

MILDRED. [*Off.*] Joe, aren't you coming in to see me? I want to tell you about your latest crush.

JOE. [*Off.*] In a moment, Mildred; I'm going in to Kate's room.

MILDRED. [*Off.*] You ought to see the flowers the latest victim sent.

KATE. Joe, hurry up—come along—tell us about the game!

JOE. [*Off.*] Coming, coming; all right, Charlotte, hope you do; yes, if you want to; really, how funny. [*Enters.*] Hello!

## CAPTAIN JOE.

[*Carries basket-ball, wears suit with numerals 1909, face flushed with exercise.*]

Studying? Aren't you good? I hate to think of all the work waiting for me—you ought to see my philosophy notes—such a pile—but what is Rosseau e. t. c. compared to a final class game? Whew, I'm warm!

KATE. Tell us about the game; how's the team to-day?

SUE. Whom did you play for practice?

JOE. The graduates challenged us for fun. It was a close game. We came out 4—2. [*Sits on table center.*]

KATE. Good, in our favor; how is our team work?

JOE. Improving steadily; we'll put up a strong force to-morrow. We've got to win; if we don't, I never want to look at anyone in college again. I'd feel it was my own disgrace. But we are going to win if everyone will only think so, *hard*, we will.

SUE. I'll hold my thumbs!

JOE. Sue, make the class on the side lines sing, sing, yell; it encourages the

## *CAPTAIN JOE.*

team. Every time I hear my name cheered I'm inspired to play better. It stirs up one's blood. There were only a few spectators to-day, so we began without exhilaration and played a slow first half, nothing to nothing; but when the graduates opened the second half with a field throw into the basket you should have seen the reds pick up. Our girls, switching into a fast game, passed the ball like lightning, giving us forwards several tries at the basket; but, the blue guards were fierce! They fought like heroes! Their center guard stuck to me like glue, I couldn't get away from her; her hands were everywhere and her feet as well—I got onto her tricks and jumped to catch the ball above her head; she jumped, too, using her arms like wings; but I sent it to Flo, who put it in! We were then 2—2 and it was about 3 minutes lacking time; we were getting desperate; every girl played like mad. The ball was down at our goal most of the time, but their guards fought like demons. Mabel was down by the basket when she finally got the ball, but, instead of trying for it, tossed it sideways straight toward

## CAPTAIN JOE.

me; there were so many bunching about the pole that I had stepped up field for protection. I caught the ball like that, took one swift look for aim, and threw! Just as the ball had swished through the net the whistles blew! Time was up and we had won!

SUE. Joe, you darling, you peach, you win every game!

KATE. Your throws are so sure.

JOE. Whew, I'm warm! Let me have some water.

JUNE. [*Only too glad to serve.*] Here is some, Miss Scott.

JOE. Kate, you'd better be down on the field in time for your practice. It's about 5 o'clock now.

KATE. There is no use in my going to practice.

JOE. You've got to. Suppose I should turn my ankle—or die from overstudy—or [*Picks up beads from Kate's desk.*] swallow your beads, or anything serious like that, you'd have to be ready to take my place.

KATE. Well, nothing like that is going to happen.

## CAPTAIN JOE.

JOE. Oh, come, now, you're discouraged because you have never had a chance to get your numerals. [*Indicates her own.*] I'm as sorry as you are, Kate, but what else could we do? When we chose the nine, center forward was my position.

KATE. I don't think yet that it was quite fair for you not to give me one of the other forwards. I can throw into the basket twice to Flo's once.

JOE. In a free throw, perhaps; but not otherwise.

KATE. I suppose you *do* know best; only I *did* want my numerals. [*Enter Pat.*]

PAT. Is Captain Joe there?

JOE. Here I am; hello! how's our class president? [*Takes her hand.*] Your game was good to-day; don't forget the pass to Schmidt.

PAT. No, I'll remember; I've come to ask you an awful big favor. I'm almost scared to tell you.

JOE. Go on.

PAT. A bunch of the girls are invited into town to-night for dinner and theater and insist upon my going. I said I couldn't

## CAPTAIN JOE.

without your permission. Of course, I can't go to the theater, as you have ordered us to be in bed at 9, but I thought you might let me go for the dinner. Will you?

JOE. [*Slowly.*] I'm sorry, Pat, no. Even if you went with the best intentions not to eat more than is good for a team girl, I am afraid—well, we're all human—it seems mean to say "no," but we're playing for the class.

PAT. No one knows that better than I; you are right; I should have had more sense than to ask you. Good-bye!

KATE. Wait for me, I'm going your way; girls, excuse me. [*Salutes playfully.*] Captain's orders. Make yourselves at home in my room; see you later.

JUNE. At the fire drill.

KATE. Put my towel out, will you.  
[*Exeunt Kate and Pat.*]

SUE. Girls, I've got to study and drag myself away from this charming company. [*Picks up books.*] Come on, lobster; I wish you didn't have any insides. [*Exit.*]

[*June gets towel out of bedroom and puts it on chair nearest door R. B.*]

## CAPTAIN JOE.

JOE. Have you warned the girls that there is to be a fire drill, Miss Powell?

JUNE. Perhaps I shouldn't have—6 o'clock.

JOE. We're only too glad to be prepared. The unexpected alarm makes my room-mate very nervous. Mildred isn't very well and I have to be careful of her.

JUNE. You are very fond of her, aren't you?

JOE. We grew up together.

JUNE. She must be happy to have you for a room-mate.

JOE. [*Looks at her suspiciously.*] Why?

JUNE. Because, because, well, you are the most popular girl in college, and you are so good looking and adorable and—

JOE. [*Suddenly.*] Did you send me some lilies-of-the-valley yesterday?

JUNE. I heard you say you liked them.

JOE. I've been watching you these last few days and thought I noticed the first symptoms; now be sensible and get over it.

JUNE. I don't think I can.

JOE. Oh, dear, what shall I do with you



## CAPTAIN JOE.

freshmen? I try to cure you by ignoring you and not thanking you for your flowers; but it doesn't seem to have any effect. Don't sit staring at me in lectures. If you knew me a little better you would see what a cross, ugly, ill-tempered girl I am—

JUNE. No, you're not; we know better than that.

JOE. Can't you see you are only making yourself ridiculous?

JUNE. But I *do* sincerely worship you. I've lain awake trying to plan a way to make you notice me; I've—

JOE. [*Kindly.*] Now, listen; call me by my first name, June, and here is my hand upon our friendship; mind, I said *friendship*; don't you *dare* let any one call it crush; but until you reform I consider you a goose; now go and think it over.

JUNE. It's very good of you—

JOE. Run along—I won't have anything more to do with you until you have learned to be sensible. [*Exit June. Joe goes to window.*] Heavens! it's warm. [*Calls out of window.*] Hello, Bess. Hot? I should say so! You've bought your hat

## CAPTAIN JOE.

for garden party? Yes, pink is very becoming to you. [*Takes glass of water, Enter Mildred.*]

MILDRED. Aren't you coming home, Joe?

JOE. Well, Mildred, did you think I had deserted you. How have you been?

MILDRED. My head feels queer again. I've been lying down.

JOE. I thought you said you were going to the tea.

MILDRED. It was too warm.

JOE. Have you a fever? Oh, my dear, where did you get the pin?

MILDRED. [*Puts hands nervously to neck.*] Pin? Oh, I don't know, I forgot I—I—

JOE. [*Quietly unclasps it and puts it in her waist.*] Where did you get it, dear?

MILDRED. [*In despair.*] I don't know, Joe, I—

JOE. It looks like Helen's.

MILDRED. I was in her room—just a moment, Joe, to find a note-book; I didn't want to—Joe—

JOE. Very well, dear, I'll take care of it

. CAPTAIN JOE.

and return it to-night when everyone is excited over the fire drill. There is to be one at 6.

MILDRED. I am so glad you told me; I see Kate has her towel ready. It's so foolish to have to take one; if there should be a real fire every girl would dash out with a dry towel from force of habit and absolutely forget to wet it, as protection against smoke.

JOE. [*At telephone.*] Elmhurst Station, Central, please, University Club House. Is Mr. Harold Webster there? Yes. [*To Mildred.*] A walk on the campus to-night will do you good.

MILDRED. I think I'll go to bed, Joe, and have my dinner sent up to me.

JOE. [*At telephone.*] Harold? The game is at 4:30 to-morrow. Are you coming? Of course, we'll win. How's your crew? We're coming down on Saturday to cheer them on.

[*Mildred steals beads lying on Kate's desk; Kate enters in time to see her, but Mildred does not know it; Kate is aghast, says nothing.*]

## CAPTAIN JOE.

JOE. [*At telephone.*] If you stay to dinner after the game to-morrow you'll have to go home right after, because I have a quiz the next day. Mildred, Harold wants to know what a quiz is compared to him?

MILDRED. Tell him, it's the difference between a High Credit and a Flunk.

JOE. She says the difference between a High Credit and a Flunk. [*To Mildred.*] What's worth more?

MILDRED. The Flunk.

JOE. [*At telephone.*] The Flunk. Yes, I'll meet you after the game, under the Japanese cherry tree. Thanks for the roses. Good-bye! Come on, Mildred, I've got to dress for dinner.

MILDRED. And I'm going to bed. Good-bye, Kate. [*Exit.*]

JOE. Good-bye, Kate! You see, I made myself very comfortable in your room, as usual. [*Exeunt. It grows dark.*]

KATE. [*Alone.*] She took my beads; what shall I do? I can't accuse her; so *she* is the girl who has been taking things! I never could have believed that of MIL-

## CAPTAIN JOE.

DRED. I wonder if Joe knows; she must. Oh, perhaps it's Joe who returns them. [*Pause.*] I almost wish Joe couldn't play to-morrow; I want my numerals *so, so* badly; but no such luck for me. [*Fire bell heard.*] Oh, slivers garillamajigs! I forgot that fire drill; where's my towel? It's getting so dark. Towel, towel, where are you?

[*Exit. Leaves her door open. Enter Joe stealthily to return the beads that Mildred had taken. Noise of drill off. Just as she is leaning over Kate's desk, enter June and all girls except Mildred.*]

JUNE. [*Authoritatively.*] The fire is in here. [*Switches on light; Joe discovered; appears guilty; picture.*]

CURTAIN.

## CAPTAIN JOE.

### ACT II.

SCENE. *The next afternoon. Study belonging to Joe and Mildred. Door to corridor L. B. Window looking out upon athletic field L. F. Door to Joe's room R.; to Mildred's R. F. Room filled with flowers. Banners, etc., to indicate college room.*

JOE. [*In basket-ball suit stands, center of room, reading note.*] "The team must neither lose, nor win a game ingloriously; the class regrets that it must ask the Captain for her resignation. By order of the President." [*Crumples paper in hand.*] There is nothing I can do, nothing I can say, nothing. To be put off the team! [*Calls R. F.*] Mildred! [*Looks into Mildred's room.*] Mildred, not there; poor child, she is afraid and I can't speak. [*Wanders about room as if not knowing what to do with herself; picks up bunch of flowers.*] No fresh flowers to-day for Captain Joe—not even from the freshmen—"The team must neither lose nor win a

## CAPTAIN JOE.

game ingloriously." [*Knock at door.*]  
Come. [*Enter Pat and Sue.*]

PAT. We came to tell you that we are sorry we had to do—as we have done—we debated the question a long while.

JOE. From your point of view you are justified. I did not know what you would do; your note came after I had put on my suit.

SUE. Joe, have you nothing to say?

JOE. I have said before that I was innocent.

SUE. But explain. I can't doubt you even if circumstantial evidence seems to prove that you are—please explain.

JOE. I cannot; you must take my word.

PAT. But if there is any way of clearing yourself, speak; think what it will mean to the class! The team is panic-stricken, it needs your strength; for the sake of the class—

JOE. I can't; you have lived with me three years, and have never known me to be dishonest in word or deed; I have been accused sometimes of being too frank; you, who know that my record is clean;

## CAPTAIN JOE.

you, who have been my friends, must trust me and believe me.

PAT. But tell us why you were in Kate's room last night; you give no reason; at the time you should have been at the fire drill; you knew there was to be one; you see everything looks—so—

JOE. I admitted last night that my position was strange. I had a reason for going into Kate's room, but I refuse to tell it. You must have faith in my word. You know I took nothing.

SUE. But Kate said that her beads were on the table and not on her writing tablet, where she had left them, which seems to prove that you touched them, and—oh, Joe, I'm sorry.

PAT. Then there is nothing we can do; the Athletic Association is not satisfied to take you at your word. It requires evidence. I had hoped that you could explain and play after all. The game begins in fifteen minutes and we are going to lose. Joe! Joe! the team is in a panic. Why did you do it?

JOE. Is my team panic-stricken? Let



## CAPTAIN JOE.

them come to me here before they go; I must give Kate Winston some pointers; you've put me off the team; you've taken away my authority; but the girls must win and I am the only one to encourage them; please let them come, please, please; they must, must win.

PAT. [*Pause of doubt.*] Very well; it is our last hope.

[*Exeunt Pat and Sue; in going out bump against June coming in—this to create a laugh.*]

JUNE. I beg your pardon. Joe! Joe! they've put you off the team; what shall we do? It breaks my heart to hear the whole college talking about you and saying—

JOE. That I am a thief. Say it, say it, believe it like the rest, even though I swear it isn't true.

JUNE. Where is Mildred?

JOE. Ah, even *you* believe me guilty; Mildred? I don't know. She didn't get up until noon and didn't hear until then of my—disgrace; she hasn't come back since then. She hasn't been feeling well.

## CAPTAIN JOE.

JUNE. I saw Mr. Webster crossing the campus on the way to the athletic field.

JOE. [*Looks out of window.*] Harold at the game and I not there! Where is he? They are crowding along the side lines. What time is it?

JUNE. [*Looks at watch.*] Four-twenty.

JOE. Ten minutes before the game; go explain to Harold what has happened; tell him it isn't true, what they are saying about me; even if you don't believe me yourself, tell him.

[*Team girls troop in, all in basketball suits with numerals, Pat, Kate—Kate has on numerals. Exit June through crowd.*]

PAT. I have brought the team.

JOE. Girls, they have taken away from me the right to command you; they have disgraced me, your Captain, before the college; there was nothing else for them to do. I cannot explain, although I swear before all the world that I am innocent; you have looked to me for your orders; I have coached you, watched you, encouraged you; I have taught you a clean, hon-

## *CAPTAIN JOE.*

orable game; in your hearts you must know that I have been honorable; don't add to my disgrace that of defeat—girls, play, play to win; play for the class and my honor. It is at stake; it's up to you to make good. Kate Winston, the numerals you are wearing for the first time as you enter your first match game, are of the color of our class; reverence them; they are the symbols of class honor, which you are called upon to protect. If you lose, lose nobly; if you win, be charitable. You are playing in my place; play boldly; the girls may look to you for encouragement from force of habit; we cannot expect you to give it to them, but let them see your energy concentrated; be brave, play for all that's in it, and grin, grin—don't lose your nerve—grin, grin! If 1910 makes a foul, giving you a free throw for the basket—take all the time you want for your aim and don't lose your nerve. If she misses, Wainwright, catch the ball and don't forget the quick pass to Flanders. Nelson, don't run with the ball; you fouled twice yesterday; Schmidt, jump if your opponent is too tall; guards, don't

## CAPTAIN JOE.

walk with the ball; fight, fight like demons. Now you've got to play for all there's in it; you've got to play to win; you can, you will, you must; you're playing for the championship. Your class president is with you, you are playing for her, for me, for the class; play, girls, play; Pat, take them on to victory, to victory! [*Exeunt girls; Joe rushes to the window—calls out.*] Kate Winston, play for the numerals, 1909, the red, our class! [*Buries her face in her hands; cheering is heard; looks out of window again, quickly.*] They are taking the field.

JUNE. [*Enters.*] Joe, Mr. Webster believes you; he wants to speak to you now, won't you come down to the field?

JOE. No, no, I could not bear to have the whole college staring at me.

JUNE. But he can't come up here without a chaperon.

JOE. I can't go; are you sure he trusts me?

JUNE. I couldn't talk to him long because he has some college men with him, but he took me aside to give me this for

## CAPTAIN JOE.

you; he asked that if you could not come now, you should meet him after the game under the Japanese cherry tree. [*Gives her small package.*]

JOE. [*Opens it, screams with delight.*] Harold! June, it's his fraternity pin!

JUNE. Do you care enough to wear it?

JOE. [*Pins it on waist, triumphantly.*] Care! I didn't know *he* cared so much! Ah, *he* believes me! [*Shouts from field heard. Joe looks out of window; expresses disappointment.*] O, a goal for the sophomores! They begin again, catch it, Nelson, O, O, butter-fingers, run up for it Schmidt, good, good, now pass, that's it, O—[*Suspense.*] it's down at our goal, try for the goal, try for the basket, Kate, put it in, [*Anger.*] you fool, you fool; the sophomores are passing it back, at their goal again, guards fight; Pat fight [*Whistle heard.*] What? Foul on Nelson for walking with the ball.

JUNE. The sophomores have a free throw for the basket, their center forward is slow but sure; do you think she will put it in? Every one is waiting breathlessly.

## CAPTAIN JOE.

I'll cross my fingers to make her miss; she is aiming, there, she has raised her arms—

JOE. [*In despair.*] In! 3—0, we're losing! Pat, Pat, make them win. Run, Schmidt, run, pass to Flanders; that's it, splendid, bully. [*Whistle heard.*] Good! foul on the sophomores; now Kate gets a free try for the basket; June, I can't look, [*Turns away from window.*] is she taking steady aim?

JUNE. She seems nervous, but is waiting to steady her hand—

JOE. [*Holds thumbs, eyes closed, mutters as if thought is concentrated upon winning.*] Put it in Kate, put it in, put it in.

JUNE. She's taking aim.

JOE. Put it in, Kate, put it in.

JUNE. [*Scream of despair.*] She missed it! The sophomores have the ball down the field again. They're playing like mad; 1909 is discouraged; O, if *you* were only on the team.

JOE. We're lost, we're lost, what time is it? The first half must be over soon. What are they doing now? I haven't the courage to look.

## CAPTAIN JOE.

JUNE. It's down at your goal again.

JOE. [*Rushes to window.*] Is it? Bully, Flanders, bully, catch it! Kate, that's it—O, O,—no, no—don't do that O, O,—guards, guards, [*Despair.*] O,—O,—O, June, O—Heavings, 5—nothing, we're lost! [*Whistle heard.*] Time! the end of the first half.

[*Enter team girls, panic-stricken.*]

PAT. Joe, we're losing the game, we're losing the game; help us!

JOE. [*In anger.*] What do you mean by coming to me in such a panic? Go back to your trainers! This is the time the sophomores are using for rest, while you, you are wasting your strength, losing your nerve. [*Stamps her foot.*] Go back to your trainers, every one of you!

KATE. [*In tears.*] Joe, Joe, I tried my best, I just couldn't get the ball in.

JOE. Go back to your trainers, I tell you! Do you want to add ridicule to your defeat? Make us the laughing stock of the college? When you look like whipped dogs I despise you! The game isn't over

## CAPTAIN JOE.

yet. Go back to your trainers and when you play, play like—the deuce!

PAT. Joe, if you could play we'd win yet!

JUNE. She *can* play, she *can* play, take her with you! It was I who stole Kate's beads and Joe went to put them back.

PAT. You—

JUNE. Yes, yes, I confess it; this is no time to question me; take her with you, she must play!

[*Girls, screaming with delight, rush Joe out—whistle heard.*]

JUNE. [*Alone.*] Now they'll win, why didn't I think of doing that before? Goodie, they are all cheering her. O, she is a darling! and she looks so stunning on the field!

MILDRED. [*Enters, starts at seeing June.*] You here? I thought every one was at the game.

JUNE. Where have you been? Nobody could find you when Joe asked.

MILDRED. [*Quickly.*] Did Joe say anything against me?



## CAPTAIN JOE.

JUNE. Against you, Miss Linn? Joe would never dream of such a thing. [*At window.*] The team is playing splendidly. Joe is everywhere at once. Are you feeling better?

MILDRED. [*Relieved.*] I was this morning, but when I heard about what happened in Kate's room last night I—I

JUNE. It cut us all up.

MILDRED. It has made me miserable.

[*Enter Kate.*]

KATE. Mildred, I saw you come in and want to talk to you.

JUNE. Then I'll vanish.

KATE. You don't mind, June?

JUNE. O, no. [*Exit.*]

MILDRED. [*Nervously.*] You got your numerals, after all.

KATE. [*Nervously.*] Do you know how it happened they put Joe back on the team?

MILDRED. No.

KATE. June Powell said she stole my beads and Joe was returning them without my knowledge, when we found her there in the dark.

## CAPTAIN JOE.

MILDRED. [*Nervously.*] June Powell, the little freshman? Why—

KATE. You see, even if Joe is exonerated by June's lie, June is—

MILDRED. Lie? How do you know it is a lie?

KATE. Because. yesterday afternoon, when I found you and Joe in my room, I saw you take the beads off the desk—

MILDRED. You saw—

KATE. I didn't know what to say—I—

MILDRED. I didn't meant to—I didn't mean to—

[*Cheers heard.*]

KATE. [*Rushes to window.*] We made a goal.

MILDRED. But if you saw me, why didn't you tell, why did you let suspicion rest on Joe?

KATE. Why did you?

MILDRED. I'm too weak to confess; I want to, but I can't, but it was your duty to tell for the sake of the class—ah, I see, you wanted your numerals, your *chance*

## CAPTAIN JOE.

to play and Joe being put off—your numerals dishonorably won!!

KATE. How about your dishonor?

MILDRED. Dishonor? I'm sick, I don't want the things; Joe always puts them back.

KATE. Then it will be so much the easier for you to tell. [*Whistle heard.*] A foul on the sophomores; Joe has a free throw; hold your thumbs; in!! O, Joe, you're bully! We must win. [*Turns from window.*] It was I who made us lose the first half. You must explain that you are ill.

MILDRED. I can't, I can't—

KATE. You must, we can't let suspicion rest on June Powell.

MILDRED. I haven't the courage—

KATE. It is the only thing for you to do; if you don't, I shall tell on you. [*Looks out of window.*] Joe, Joe, put it in, put it in, shoot it, pass, pass, try for the basket, Joe—whee!!! [*Cheers heard.*]

MILDRED. What's the score?

KATE. 5—5—we're even; our team is mad; I never saw them so desperate.

## CAPTAIN JOE.

[*Suspense.*] O—O—Nelson, don't walk with the ball. [*Whistle heard.*] Slivers! foul on our team! If that sophomore center forward makes a basket, we're lost, it's about two minutes lacking time; cross your fingers, I'll put out my tongue!

MILDRED. [*Fingers crossed.*] Miss it, miss it, miss it!

KATE. [*In glee.*] Missed!! Now, girls, play; Schmidt, run; that's it, good, O, too bad, there it comes again. Bravo, Joe, she leaped into the air for that—look, look—[*Screams heard.*] She threw it in! [*Whistles.*] Time, we've won, we've won. [*Cheers heard. Kate embraces Mildred in frenzy.*]

*Enter everybody, screaming, "We've won," "we hold the championship," "three cheers for Captain Joe."*

JOE. [*When noise subsides.*] Girls, the championship is ours, but our victory cannot be complete until we have vindicated a member of the Freshman class, who has taken upon herself the blame of a member of our own; I am speaking of June Powell, is she here?

JUNE. Here I am.

## CAPTAIN JOE.

JOE. [*Gives her her hand.*] Thank you for your loyalty to your Juniors; I would not have accepted your sacrifice had I not known in my heart that I was fit to lead the team gloriously to victory or defeat; it was our only salvation for the moment; but now we must clear you. Girls, June Powell took the blame upon herself in order to save our team. She is innocent, will no one speak?

[*Silence.*]

KATE. Joe, let me say—[*Aside to Mildred.*] Tell—

MILDRED. Joe, I—I—didn't want to do it; I never want to take anything, but I can't help myself and, girls, she always puts them back, always. I didn't want Kate's beads, but they lay on her table and glittered and—and—Joe took them away from me when she found I had them and to save me—went to put them back—but I didn't mean to—I didn't—

JOE. [*Puts arm about her, protectingly.*] There, there, the girls understand. Don't you, girls? [*Motions to them, threateningly.*] Say that you do.

## CAPTAIN JOE.

GIRLS. That's all right, it's all explained, Mildred.

SUE. [*Goes to Mildred*] We all know you haven't been feeling well. [*Takes her aside.*]

GIRLS. Three cheers for Joe.

KATE. [*Takes off her numerals, goes to Joe.*] Will you take them?

JOE. Take your numerals? When you have played in a match game? The numerals you have worked so hard for?

KATE. I don't deserve them; I made the team lose the first half.

GIRLS. You couldn't help that, Kate; don't give up your numerals.

JOE. My dear girl, we don't want them; you have a perfect right to them; they are yours.

KATE. [*Shakes her head slowly.*] Please take them.

JOE. [*Hands behind back.*] No.

KATE. I lost.

JOE. No.

KATE. Take them, I don't want them, they *burn* me!

## CAPTAIN JOE.

*[Pause, Joe takes them slowly, without speaking.]*

MAN. *[Voice heard through window.]*  
Is Captain Joe there?

JUNE. Yes.

MAN. Tell her, will you please, that I am waiting under the Japanese cherry tree?

JUNE. *[Laughs.]* Joe, Harold Webster is waiting.

MAN. Tell her, her game was bully.

JOE. *[Laughs, puts hand impulsively to pin in her waist. Sue notices gesture.]*  
I'm coming.

SUE. Joe, a frat pin! Girls, girls, three cheers for Captain Joe!

*[Girls grab flowers from vases and pelt Joe with them, as she is raised up to sit on the crossed hands of two of the team girls. Joe laughs merrily, as she is cheered.]*

CURTAIN.





## **BETTY'S DEGREE**

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

BETTY CLIFTON,	}	<i>The Seniors.</i>
DOLLY HOWITT, <i>her best friend.</i>		
JANET MACKAY,		
AGNES BENTON,		
GRACE WEATHERBY,		
BLANCH SMITH,		
EDNA LOST,		
MARY FOSTER,		
A MAID,		

### *Persons Mentioned.*

TOM BRUMMEL.  
DICK AUSTEN.  
HARRY YOUNG.  
DR. SIKE, *Professor of Psychology.*  
DR. RICHARDS, *Professor of Economics.*

### *Place.*

A COLLEGE IN THE EAST.

### *Time.*

SPRING.

*Plays forty-five minutes.*

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

### ACT I.

SCENE. *The student's sitting room; book-cases, couch, comfortable chairs, table with student's lamp, papers, telephone, etc. Two big signs hang back center,—“Silence”, and “Beware of final Exams”. Evening in Spring, a week before Commencement. Janet Mackay writing at table. Agnes Benton reading in easy chair. Grace Weatherby huddled in corner of couch, grinding. Blanch Smith scanning books in book-cases. After curtain has risen there is a long silence to be sustained by pantomime to convey atmosphere of serious study.*

BLANCH. Has anybody seen the library copy of Henry James's Psychology?

JANET AND GRACE. Ssh!!

AGNES. You won't find that book in there to-night, thirteen hours before the big psych final. I am going to be decapitated to-morrow in that exam; when I have flunked you can bury me beneath the sod and for an epitaph write, “Here lieth the

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

bones of Agnes Benton, who, slaughtered on the field of an intellectual battle, suffereth torment; would that she had made studying a habit rather than an exception”.

GRACE. Are you reading the chapter on “Habit”?

AGNES. Yes, but I don’t know anything about it. I am very unhappy; wish I had never come to college. If I were only at home now on the ranch I could be—

JANET. Hush up! Don’t be garrulous; remember the exams. I am trying to learn how many “me’s” I have.

BLANCH. [*Sitting at table opposite to Janet.*] That is just the chapter on “Self” I want to look up. What is the “I”?

JANET. The “I”, the capital letter I, is you.

BLANCH. The “I” is me.

JANET. No, the “I” isn’t “me”.

BLANCH. Of course it isn’t you, it’s me.

AGNES. Bosh, what nonsense! It’s finals this and finals that, until I don’t know “where I’m at”.

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

JANET. What I said was absolutely correct. Ask the grind. Grace!

GRACE [*Looks up confused.*] Did you speak to me?

JANET. Explain the "Self" to Blanch.

GRACE. It's here at the beginning of the chapter. [*Reads.*] "Whatever I may be thinking of, I am always at the same time more or less aware of myself, of my personal existence. At the same time it is I who am aware".

JANET. That is what I said. The "I" is the knower and the "Me" the known.

BLANCH. "I" knows "me".

AGNES. You knows you.

JANET. We knows us.

BLANCH. I wish I had begun to study at the beginning of the course.

AGNES. And made it a habit.

JANET. Don't interrupt with your habits; we are discussing "self". Go on, Grace.

GRACE. "Subdivision of 'me's': material me, social and spiritual me". Me material—

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

BLANCH. Wait, you are going too fast; what did you say?

JANET. Hush up!

BLANCH. Honestly, Janet, I must pass that exam to-morrow. I don't need a high mark but at the close of senior year one must be able to clutch a degree.

AGNES. I feel as if I ought to pass well to-morrow, if the mere presence of Dr. Sike didn't petrify me.

JANET. He is dreadfully severe.

BLANCH. [*Looking over Grace's shoulder.*] Let me see it written.

[*Pause of intense study—Enter Dolly Howitt.*]

DOLLY. [*Worried.*] Have you seen Betty?

AGNES. No, why, what is the matter?

DOLLY. She can't get her degree.

GIRLS. What!!!

DOLLY. I found it out to-day, she doesn't know it yet. I don't know how to tell her.

JANET. Betty Clifton lose her degree when she has scored so many high marks?

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

She is too brilliant. There isn't a girl in college that can study so little and cram so well.

DOLLY. That is her ruin. Betty has cut lectures to go to town on flirtations just several times too often. She took luncheon with Tom to-day and so asked me to have Dr. Sike sign her course-book; he refused.

BLANCH. Refused to sign because she cuts so much! O, dear, I hope he doesn't flunk me to-morrow.

JANET. [*To Dolly.*] What did you do?

DOLLY. Plead and almost wept, but gained nothing. He agreed with me when I said that Betty always made high marks on her quiz papers, but added that he could have no patience with a girl who crammed. He seemed to take her frequent cutting almost as a personal offence.

GRACE. Don't you see Dr. Sike's viewpoint? That Betty may remember for a day what she has crammed the night before, but that it is a psychological impossibility for her to have assimilated all that knowledge and made it her own as we have who have kept our thoughts steadily on the subject.

## *BETTY'S DEGREE.*

JANET. Though you are a grind, Grace, Betty has sometimes made higher marks than you. How do you explain that?

GRACE. Easily; she crams only the essential facts and so in writing a paper is not delayed as we are in describing details. While we are wondering just what details we should use, Betty is dashing off main facts in her inimitably charming and brilliant style.

AGNES. If she could make a high credit in that exam to-morrow don't you suppose Dr. Sike would relent?

DOLLY. That is one hope. I have just had a talk with Professor Richards who came to call on Betty because he had heard about it and wanted to encourage her.

AGNES. Dear adorable Professor Richards in this Hall and I not know it? Why didn't you tell me? I'd give anything to have him call on me.

BLANCH. Mr. Richards is the best looking man in the faculty.

AGNES. He is the best looking man I have ever met. It's a shame to put a man like that in a girl's college and then for-



## BETTY'S DEGREE.

bid social engagements. I never saw such blue eyes.

DOLLY. Aren't they glorious? Big, deep blue and brilliant, as if they were always smiling, no matter how hard he is trying to appear grave.

AGNES. His grave manner irritates me for I always feel as if he were really anxious to have a good time but didn't dare.

GRACE. He must pretend the dignity of a professor to keep his position.

JANET. My brother who knew him at Yale said he was quite the hero in his class; jumped into the water to save some girl who fell in; I don't remember the circumstances, but it was something romantic and heroic.

AGNES. O, Janet, do find out the details; it must have been very heroic. He looks so capable of something great and big. I wish we had a pond here. I'd try the stunt myself. Honestly girls, I think I am in love with him.

DOLLY. I am wild about his course.

AGNES. About him, you mean. Who could resist those clean cut features?

## *BETTY'S DEGREE.*

GRACE. Why did he take the trouble to call on Betty?

DOLLY. Wasn't it queer? For it doesn't in the least concern him. He said he had heard me discussing the matter with some of the girls this afternoon, and wanted to tell Betty to work for a high mark in the Sike exam.

GRACE. Did he think that would make Dr. Sike sign the course-book?

DOLLY. He said there was a bare possibility of it.

AGNES. There isn't another professor who would take such interest in a matter that had nothing to do with his course.

BLANCH. Don't forget it was for Betty.

AGNES. Do you think he is crazy about her?

BLANCH. I am only trying to guess. Didn't he complain that she had cut his course too often?

DOLLY. Evidently not; he said he had no cause personally to complain about her attendance. I don't see how I am going to find the courage to break the news to Betty.

W. H. G.

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

[*Enter maid with card.*]

MAID. Miss Clifton? Gentleman to see her.

DOLLY. I'll take it. Mr. Richard Austen [*To girls.*] to see Betty. [*To maid.*] Tell him to wait. [*Exit maid.*]

Now what do you think of that? The night before a final exam a week before commencement, Betty Clifton has a caller. If she were here she would entertain him until he was made to leave the building when the doors are locked. She would never dream of refusing him; worse yet, she is now in town with Tom Brummel, beau number one.

JANET. If Betty loses her degree, it is the fault of the three men who haunt her. She'd get H. C. in a course on coquetry.

DOLLY. [*Sinks worried into chair.*] I ought to be working this very minute myself, but I cannot settle down when Betty keeps me in such hot water. One day she seems to care most for Tom, the next for Dick and after that for Harry. When I tell her she is trifling with their affections she only laughs and says they under-

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

stand one another perfectly, so perfectly that they cannot be serious.

AGNES. Then the men will not admit their serious intentions? Men don't usually rush a girl with such extravagance unless they entertain some hope of a serious chance in the future.

DOLLY. That is what worries me. Betty is so young and irresponsible she doesn't foresee how unpleasant it is going to be when she begins to turn them down. She cannot marry all of them. I am going to give [*Looks at card*] Dick Austen a bit of warning.

JANET. How are you going to say it?

DOLLY. It is not a pleasant task but I feel it my moral duty. [*Squares her shoulders as if to gain courage and starts out.*] It takes courage. [*Exit.*]

AGNES. Dolly is making a mistake by meddling in Betty's love affairs. Why not let Betty flirt if she enjoys it?

BLANCH. It isn't fair to keep them all guessing and each fellow believing he is the favored one. She expected to be back at college this afternoon after she had had

## *BETTY'S DEGREE.*

luncheon with Tom, but at five o'clock she telephoned for a chaperone. Not back yet.

GRACE. Perhaps she has accepted Tom.

AGNES. How thrilling if she has. Then we are in on some of the automobile trips. He has loads of money and everything from phonographs to yachts.

JANET. Tom Brummel is too full of sport for Betty. Betty has enough of that for two. She needs restraint.

BLANCH. Well, Dick Austen could give her that. He is very firm and always gets his own way. He is the only person I have ever seen Betty mind. When Dick says the moon is the sun Betty, usually so contrary, agrees without a murmur and is just as likely as not to walk out at night with a parasol open to keep her face from freckling.

AGNES. There seems to be a kind of magnetism even in his silence. I sat next to him at a dinner once and wondered why I wasn't bored.

BLANCH. By the time the salad was served I wager you had confessed all your secrets.

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

AGNES. I had. He just leans back, looks at you and asks you a question, the kind that always winds a girl up. When I had exhausted one subject, he started me on another until at length I found myself tongue deep in explanations.

JANET. They say he promises quite a career as a lawyer.

GRACE. Do you think Betty would marry him?

JANET. I hope not; he has too quieting an effect on her; she seems to lose all her sparkle when with him.

BLANCH. Tom is too frivolous and Dick too serious, but Harry is dear. He adores Betty.

JANET. An overgrown boy; boyishly good looking, no money, too good-natured ever to have prospects; if Betty married Harry they would keep house like children, living on fudge and maple ice-cream.

AGNES. My intuition tells me that Betty accepted Tom to-day.

[*Enter Dolly.*]

BLANCH. How did you tell him?

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

DOLLY. I came right to the point, said I was sorry but I felt I ought to tell him that Betty didn't know her own mind and that I thought he was making a great mistake not to discover where he actually stood in her regard.

AGNES. What did he say?

DOLLY. Nothing. Dick never says anything. He just looked sort of queer, took up his hat, shook hands with me, thanked me for my interest and went out. I feel better now that it is over. I am going to tell Tom and Harry the same thing.

[*Bell tolls nine times.*]

AGNES. Horrors! Only twelve more hours before that exam! Girls we are losing time. [*Studies.*]

JANET. [*Reading.*] "The Perceptive State of Mind is not a Compound. The thing perceived is the object of a unique state of thought; due no doubt in part to sensational, and in part to idealistic currents, but in no wise containing psychically the identical sensations and images which these currents would severally have

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

aroused if the others were not simultaneously there''.

[*Mutters to herself.*]

GRACE. [*Explaining to Blanch.*] You see your body is the material "me" in you. I have it tabulated here. Self-appreciation—

JANET. Emotion—emotion—emotion—  
[*Repeats word comically.*]

AGNES. Well, what is the matter with you?

JANET. [*Seriously.*] It says here that words lose their significance when repeated often. I was verifying the fact. Say emotion a dozen times listening only to the sound and it might as well be Greek. Emotion—emotion—

BLANCH. Emotion—emotion—  
[*They all repeat the word with different inflections and with different speed.*]

AGNES. [*At length.*] Stop it, stop it, it sounds like mush. I never want to hear the word again.

[*Enter maid with pitcher of milk, glasses and plate of crackers, which she places on table. Exit*]



## BETTY'S DEGREE.

JANET. Milk lunch! I am starved. Fifteen minutes for recreation, girls, and then for the final grind. [*Eats.*]

[*Enter Mary Foster and Edna Lost and more girls if convenient.*]

MARY. [*Wears kimona, looks tired.*] What kind of crackers to-night? Graham, good!

EDNA. Have you all been working in here?

JANET. Since dinner time.

EDNA. You all take Psychology, tomorrow, don't you? I have Math.

AGNES. You look worn out, you work too much.

EDNA. Well, what am I to do when I have four exams four days straight. I haven't taken off this dress for two days. This is the worst college in the country.

AGNES. [*To Mary.*] Exams only ruin her disposition temporarily.

EDNA. [*To Grace.*] Suppose you have been grinding like an ax, too. What are you going to do with your degree? Measly bit of paper after all this fuss and non-

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

sense for four years. Don't know what ever brought me here.

GRACE. I must teach next year.

EDNA. You'd think I had to by the way I am working; family were against my coming. Wish I hadn't come; didn't have to.

GRACE. You are fortunate to be able to feel that your future life is not dependent upon the getting of your A. B. Degree. It means bread and butter to me.

BLANCH. [*To Edna.*] I suppose you know all about your Math, you are almost a grind.

EDNA. Haven't begun to look at it yet, haven't begun! Don't know a thing about the subject, couldn't tell you if I tried. I am going to flunk.

JANET. No, you are not, you never do. You study more than any of us.

EDNA. O, my dear, I don't, positively. You burn your light until one every morning.

JANET. O, my dear, I don't, I hardly ever study at night.

BETTY'S DEGREE.

[Enter Betty—very well dressed in street suit, jaunty hat, veil, gloves, wears big bunch of flowers.]

JANET. Hello Betty, back at last!

BETTY. Better late than never. How are you all? Gloomy? [Shivers.] The atmosphere is blue. You freeze my soul. [Laughs.]

DOLLY. Thought you were never coming.

BLANCH. Began to think you had run away with Tom.

BETTY. Looks as if I had—almost, doesn't it? O, we had the best time! [Takes off gloves.]

DOLLY. Did Tom come with you?

BETTY. Yes, he is down stairs waiting for me to come back. I ran up to let you see I had actually returned.

DOLLY. [To Blanch.] This is my chance to warn Tom. [Exit.]

BETTY. We had luncheon at the "Brass Kettle" in town and went to a vaudeville; then Tom insisted upon my dining with him at the hotel so I sent for a chaperone;

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

Miss Kay was tickled to death from the oyster cock-tails to the baked ice-cream. Then Tom motored us back to college. It's a glorious night, girls, the biggest, biggest moon!

AGNES. Want some milk?

BETTY. No thanks, not after that feast at the hotel. No cow crackers, thank you. I wish you could have been with us, that dinner was so good. It would have made you feel like living. You all grind too much in your efforts to grab a little harmless degree;—forget that you are living in your mad attempts to stuff your brains with a mass of details that you will forget in a week.

JANET. You are fortunate to be such a brilliant crammer.

BETTY. Fiddle-sticks; I am too lazy to do more work than is absolutely necessary.

MARY. Come on, Edna, we must go back to that Math.

AGNES. And I to my psych.

BETTY. I, too, after Tom has gone. I shall then retire to my room, hang out an

*BETTY'S DEGREE.*

engaged sign, take some cold tea, fasten a towel about my throbbing temples, stick my feet in ice-water. [*Laughs.*]

[*Enter Dolly.*]

DOLLY. Tom has gone.

BETTY. Gone? He said he would wait.

DOLLY. I saw him in the drawing-room as I passed by, and told him that as you had an exam to work for, he had better go as I knew you couldn't resist his company of your own accord.

BETTY. Dolly, you little villain! Did he go reluctantly?

DOLLY. Very.

BETTY. [*Laughs.*] Sweet flowers? Smell them, the biggest bunch he could buy.

DOLLY. Betty, I don't know how to tell you—but—but—Dr. Sike refused to sign your course-book to-day.

BETTY. Dr. Sike—refused—refused—why?

DOLLY. Too much cutting.

BETTY. Did I cut—as much as—that?

BETTY'S DEGREE.

But it means my degree. I'll go right over to Dr. Sike and tell him I—

DOLLY. You cannot plead with him. Professor Richards came to call on you this evening.

BETTY. Professor Richards!

DOLLY. He thought that if you could make a high mark in the Sike exam Dr. Sike might relent.

BETTY. Professor Richards called on me, poor little me? How good of him.

DOLLY. I was surprised at his interest.

BETTY. Were you?

DOLLY. He seemed to feel quite sad for your sake.

BETTY. [*Picking petals from flowers.*] Did he?

DOLLY. He said you had a brilliant mind.

BETTY. Yes?

DOLLY. And that it would be a pity for you to lose your degree on the mere technicality of attendance. That you had done such satisfactory work in his course that he could find no cause to complain.

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

BETTY. Does he really think I am brilliant? Did he really say so?

DOLLY. He did.

BETTY. With that same old twinkle in his eye? As if he were smiling at his own youth—and ours—and wondering if—

DOLLY. If what?

BETTY. [*Evasively.*] O, nothing.

DOLLY. Betty, why did he come? Have you been flirting with him as you have with Tom?

BETTY. Flirt with a professor? No, [*Half serious, half playful.*] not with—a professor.

DOLLY. But to come to-night.

BETTY. It was very generous of him; no motive but his generosity.

DOLLY. How much of your psychology have you studied?

BETTY. Not much. I'll go right to my room and grind. [*Exit.*]

AGNES. [*Looking up from book.*] I don't envy Betty beginning to cram at this late date, not much time left before the massacre.

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

BLANCH. I've gotten to emotion—emotion—

AGNES. Ssh!!

[*Enter Maid.*]

MAID. [*With card.*] Gentleman to see Miss Clifton.

DOLLY. I'll take the card. Mr. Harry Young. Beau number three. [*Maid takes out glasses.*] He is rather late in his call, perhaps he has heard about the course-book from his sister. Well, girls, wish me success. Poor Harry, I hate to tell him but it is for his own good. Betty could never marry him. [*Exit.*]

JANET. Dolly is wasting time.

BLANCH. [*Preoccupied.*] The coarser emotions are made up of [*Enumerating on fingers.*] love, hate, joy—love; shame, grief—love; love—pride—fear—and—and—love—anger—love—and—its varieties.

BETTY. [*Enter, hat and coat off, sleeves rolled up, looking ready for work, pile of books in arm.*] I never can learn it, never, never; there are pages and pages that have no sense. Where is Dolly? I just sud-



## BETTY'S DEGREE.

denly realized what it would mean to lose my degree. After I have worked for it four years. My friends at home, the boys, what will they say? And my family, my father. I can't lose it. [*To Dolly who has just entered.*] I can't possibly make an H. C. in the exam to-morrow; what shall I do?

JANET. Perhaps we can help you. I know the chapter on "Discrimination" best, so offer to coach you in that.

BETTY. O, thanks, no, I couldn't take up your time when it is so valuable to you, just because I have been frivolous and light hearted.

JANET. It will do me good to rehearse the chapter aloud.

AGNES. I'll coach you in "attention".

DOLLY. I'll teach you the "stream of consciousness" and Grace knows all about the "self". Sit down there Betty and we'll take you in turn.

BETTY. If you get me through I'll give you anything you want even a dinner in town beginning with oyster cock-tails.

GRACE. [*To girls.*] You see psycho-

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

logically speaking, Betty's "social me" is uppermost.

BETTY. My "me"? O, yes, I remember all that chapter, remember reading it on the train a few months ago when I was going to meet Dick in town. I am the big "I" and here are all my little "me's" material, social, spiritual—

AGNES. How did you remember all that?

BETTY. O, because Dick didn't admire my new hat that day and so my "material me" felt hurt.

GRACE. I'll use that incident as a point for the exam.

BETTY. Don't you apply all the things you learn to your own life? Dear me, what is the use of learning things if you can't use them to show people how smart you really are.

JANET. [*To Agnes.*] That is Betty's "social me" talking.

BLANCH. What do you know about emotion, Betty?

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

BETTY. Everything and nothing, nothing by that book. Come, tell me.

[*Girls return to their studying. Betty and Blanch curl upon couch, one in each corner.*]

JANET. Let us know when you are ready for our wisdom.

AGNES. And please study in a whisper.  
[*Pause while Blanch turns pages of book to find place*]

BLANCH. [*In whisper.*] What is emotion, Betty.

BETTY. [*Puckers brow.*] Emotion? Well, I fancy you would call it a—a—a—O, the dickens, what do you call it?

BLANCH. "Tendency to feel".

BETTY. Of course, how stupid of me.  
[*Pinches herself.*] Ouch, I feel—emotion, I've got it, go on.

BLANCH. Name some of the coarser emotions.

BETTY. [*Hesitatingly.*] Well, I should say. I should say—  
[*Bell tolls 10, which Betty counts softly.*]

AGNES. Eleven more hours before the massacre.

*BETTY'S DEGREE.*

BLANCH. The coarser emotions—well—

BETTY. Well—

BLANCH. Well—

BETTY. Well, I guess maybe—love is, is  
it?

*Curtain.*

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

### ACT II.

SCENE. *Same. A few days later. Girls standing in groups waiting for the mail.*

AGNES. Why doesn't the mail come? I haven't had a letter from home for days; they might know I was dying of unhappiness during these beastly finals.

BLANCH. Do you suppose there will be any flunk notes in the mail bag? After that fiendish Sike exam I lived in mortal terror of receiving one of those dainty white envelopes with the college name in red letters on the corner, and inside a notice that I had flunked.

GRACE. What mark did you get?

BLANCH. Only a "passed" but that is all I needed to get my degree.

GRACE. I got H. C.

BLANCH. Good for you. It would have been a pity though for you to get less after studying so hard.

GRACE. My dear, I never study at all; really, I don't see how I got the mark because I hadn't an idea about the subject.

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

JANET. [*Aside to Blanch.*] Naturally brilliant, you know (sarcasm) doesn't know a thing.

GRACE. [*To Janet.*] You got a merit, didn't you?

JANET. I don't know how I did it, I hadn't any time to study for the exam.

GRACE. [*To Betty.*] How *you* do things on bluff I cannot understand. You didn't even know what an emotion was the night before and the next day you wrote a paper that scored an H. C. How do you do it?

BETTY. Experience.

GRACE. But Dr. Sike still refuses to sign your course-book, doesn't he?

BETTY. He says he cannot change his mind. Professor Richards suggested I petition the faculty to give me my degree anyway.

GRACE. Mr. Richards seems interested in the case.

BETTY. He was good enough to frame a petition for me.

GRACE. Does he think it will be granted?

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

BETTY. He doesn't know. I am dreadfully worried. Why doesn't that mail come, I expect the answer to-day.

AGNES. [*To Mary.*] I hope Betty won't lose her degree. She has worried so these last few days that you would not know her for the same old Betty.

[*Enter Dolly with bag which she opens; distributes mail.*]

DOLLY. Here it is at last, have you all been impatient.

BLANCH. Don't give us any flunk notes, Dolly.

AGNES. If there are any, hide them from the public gaze.

DOLLY. Letters for Grace Weatherby, Janet Mackay, Mary Foster.

[*Mary receives two letters, one of which Dolly had slipped under the other; she looks at them, starts, grows confused, controls herself, pretends delight.*] A letter from home! [*As she goes out despair is written on her face.*]

BLANCH. [*Looking after her.*] I think I saw a flunk note. Dolly, did Mary flunk?

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

DOLLY. [*Looking straight at Blanch.*]  
I don't read *post-marks*.

EDNA. No letter for me?

DOLLY. Not yet. Betty—

BETTY. Is there one from the faculty?  
[*Takes three letters.*] No. Why don't  
they hurry and put me out of misery.  
What is this? [*Retires down stage opening  
letter.*] Tom!

DOLLY. That is all the mail for you,  
girls.

EDNA. Not one for me, shoot it. [*Exit.*]  
[*Girls stroll off reading their mail. Dolly  
takes up pile she has sorted on the ta-  
ble and starts off.*]

AGNES. I'll help you distribute the mail  
in the rooms, Dolly.

DOLLY. Thanks. [*Exit all but Betty.*]

BETTY. [*Puzzled.*] Tom, I don't un-  
derstand. [*Reads fragments from let-  
ter.*] "We have always been great com-  
rades and you have never given me reason  
to believe that you cared for me in any  
way but that of friendship. I have spent  
two delightful years trying to give you all



## BETTY'S DEGREE.

the fun my car and yacht offer, claiming your mere enthusiastic joy as recompense. I did not dream of asking more; but I went home the night of our jaunt in town, wondering why many things were as they are and why some things could not be as we wish them. Let us be serious, let us—" [*Disappointed.*] O, Tom, why did you spoil it all? Could I, do I, would I, shall I? I haven't thought. He must wait. [*Takes up second letter.*] Dick!! [*Reads.*] Abrupt as usual! He always takes my breath away. "I am asking you to marry me and will take no refusal". [*Laughs.*] How absurd! Yet, I—I—might. We've never been serious in that way. [*Glances at third letter.*] How strange, this looks like Harry's handwriting. [*Opens letter.*] It is. How foolish!! You dear big boy, who put that idea into your head! I couldn't marry you. Do be sensible. [*Enter Dolly.*] Dolly, come here.

DOLLY. Letters from home?

BETTY. No, but read this and this and this.

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

DOLLY. [*Glances at one letter, then pushes it away.*] I—I—can't read a letter like that, not when a man is so serious.

BETTY. Not really serious, Dolly. It looks as if they were plotting to tease me. Only I wish they hadn't made me think.

DOLLY. No man plays a joke—[*Points to letter.*—like that. Betty, is there one you like the best?

BETTY. They were all my friends and now—

DOLLY. Which one are you going to accept?

BETTY. [*Startled at the boldness of the question.*] Dolly!

DOLLY. Don't these require an answer?

BETTY. I can laugh them off.

DOLLY. [*Seriously.*] Do you want to?

BETTY. Perhaps—not.

DOLLY. Give them up.

BETTY. O, no.

DOLLY. Well, then, which one?

BETTY. I don't know. There's Tom. I am very fond of Tom. He is witty, good-

## *BETTY'S DEGREE.*

natured, interested in everything, loves racing. He is enthusiastic—

DOLLY. Has loads of money, an automobile, yacht, pianola, phonograph—

BETTY. A girl ought not to marry a man who cannot give her what she has been accustomed to.

DOLLY. You have never had a yacht or an automobile.

BETTY. No, but you see Tom has spoiled me with his. I really adore Tom, Dolly, honest.

DOLLY. Then I would marry Tom.

BETTY. But what would become of Dick?

DOLLY. That is true, there is Dick.

BETTY. He is a splendid lawyer, and has quite wonderful prospects. He is very good-looking.

DOLLY. I don't think so.

BETTY. Why, Dolly, he is. He is tall and dignified. Any woman could be proud to show him off as her husband. He has nice brown eyes, and is wonderfully magnetic; besides, he says in the note that he

## *BETTY'S DEGREE.*

will take no refusal, and Dick always gets his way.

DOLLY. That settles the question. I congratulate the future Mrs. Richard Austen.

BETTY. But Harry needs some one who understands him. He is so boyish in spite of his twenty-five years. I should not like to part with Harry's devotion; there is something very sweet and innocent about it. He is very—dear to me.

DOLLY. Then, it is Mrs. Harry Young.

BETTY. But there is Tom again. After all he has the automobile.

DOLLY. But Dick said he would not take a refusal.

BETTY. And he always gets his way.

DOLLY. And Harry needs you.

BETTY. And would never get over it. O, Dolly, it makes me miserable, all this coming when I am so worried about the degree. Do you suppose Mr. Richards succeeded in winning over the faculty to his side?

DOLLY. Do decide upon one of the men, Betty.

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

BETTY. But if Dick had not said—

DOLLY. O, bother, you make me nervous. Write their names on slips of paper and trust to Fate for your draw, or better still, refuse them all.

AGNES. [*Calls off.*] Dolly, hurry, the committee meeting will be half over before we get there. It is important, too, all about Commencement party.

DOLLY. I had forgotten it, but I am coming. Betty, do decide before I return.  
[*Exit.*]

BETTY. [*Alone, sits at table, poking pencil into things disconsolately.*] I love them all. Do I? Could I? Would I? Shall I? Tom could not command me if he tried, and it is very sweet when Dick does. Yet Dick is so dignified he cannot romp and be a boy like Harry. Perhaps they won't want me after I have lost my degree. I wonder if Professor Richards—  
[*Pause of thought. Telephone rings.*] This is Holly Hall. Hello, Dick, yes, it is Betty. It is strange that I should have been the only one here to answer the 'phone. Yes, I received it. What do I

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

think? That it is just a joke, Dick, and you are a big goose—and I won't—you forbid me to use that word to you? Then I won't. Want what? Use it. Marry you? I don't know. I *must*. Must I? Must I, really? You refuse to take "no," you command—well, then I—[*Hangs up receiver hastily as if in terror.*] O, I almost agreed. He makes me, I can't resist, I will. [*In feverish haste dashes off letter.*] "I cannot contradict what you say to me. You know me better than I know myself. I do love you. I love you, Betty." [*Calls off.*] Matilde! [*Maid enters.*] Take this note and give it to the gentleman who is coming in a few moments to call on me, Mr. Richard Austen.

[*As Betty says "Austen," Blanch calls "Betty" so that maid hears only "Mr. Richard." Exit maid with note. Enter Blanch, Janet, Grace, excited.*]

BLANCH. Betty, Professor Richards is coming down the walk. Perhaps he is bringing you the decision of the faculty.

JANET. Isn't he stunning?

*BETTY'S DEGREE.*

BLANCH. He has the loveliest blue eyes.

BETTY. [*Runs to window.*] He is coming here.

BLANCH. I am half inclined to come back to take a post graduate course with him.

BETTY. [*In despair.*] O—O—

BLANCH. What?

BETTY. The letter.

GRACE. The maid is handing him a letter.

BETTY. Stop her, stop her. My letter.

JANET. Your letter?

BETTY. She has given it to the wrong man.

GRACE. I'll get it. [*Exit.*]

BLANCH. Too late; he is reading it.

BETTY. [*Wringing her hands.*] It wasn't addressed; he'll never understand. Tell him it was meant for some one else. If I could only go myself, but I—I—could not face him.

BLANCH. He is going away.

[*Enter maid with note.*]

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

BETTY. [*To maid.*] You fool, you fool, to give that note to Mr. Richards.

MAID. You said to Mr. Richards.

BETTY. To Mr. Richard Austen.

MAID. 'Taint no matter, he sent you one hisself. [*Hands her note.*]

BETTY. The college seal in red. I am afraid to look. [*Tears it open viciously.*] "My dear Miss Clifton: It is with the greatest regret I—" [*Crumples paper, throws it aside, and falls to her knees, buries face in chair.*]

BLANCH. [*Picks up note.*] Betty has lost her degree.

[*Girls stand about awkwardly, not knowing what to say. Enter Dolly, who understands immediately, takes Betty in her arms.*]

DOLLY. O, Betty, Betty.

BLANCH. We can't tell you how we feel—

AGNES. Don't you care about losing a measly little scrap of paper. Pooh, what is a degree, anyway? Pooh!

BETTY. [*Controlling herself, rises.*] Ex-



## BETTY'S DEGREE.

cuse me for making a fool of myself. [*Tries to smile.*] I guess I just felt a little too much, Blanch, a little too much—emotion. [*To Grace.*] Did he return the note?

GRACE. No; he said you must have been mistaken; that the note which the maid gave him related to his private affairs.

BETTY. To his private—he refused to return the note.

GRACE. Yes.

BETTY. Did he explain what it was?

GRACE. No.

BETTY. He is taking a mean advantage of me. Well, nothing matters now; the degree is gone, my friendships are broken, I seem to have lost everything.

AGNES. Pshaw; no you haven't. Tish, tush, what is an old degree? Friendship lost? I guess not. You are going right home with me to spend a month on our ranch.

BLANCH. Don't forget your promise to visit me in New York next season.

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

DOLLY. And to spend August with us in the mountains. [*Enter Maid.*]

MAID. Three gentlemen to see Mis Clifton. [*Gives three cards.*]

DOLLY. Betty, it is Tom, Dick and Harry. What are you going to do? Have you decided which one it is to be?

BETTY. [*Takes cards slowly; sits at table, takes pen and paper.*] Girls, wait; I am going to ask you to do me a favor. Dolly, come here. [*Dolly leans over Betty's shoulder as she writes.*] "Dear Tom, thank you sincerely; I cannot see you now. I have lost my degree. What you ask cannot be. I am sorry. I did not want to lose your friendship; it meant so much to me. Betty." [*Puts letter in envelope.*] Blanch, you know Tom Brummel.

BLANCH. Of course, met him at your house-party.

BETTY. Carry him this note, and if he—if he—doesn't like it take him out for a walk; anything to cheer him.

BLANCH. With pleasure. [*Exit.*]

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

DOLLY. Thank heaven, that takes one off the list.

BETTY. [*Writes.*] "Dear Harry, you are a dear boy, but I cannot love you as you wish, and yet I love you, so it hurts me to tell you it is impossible. It hurts me to think I gave you any cause to misunderstand my friendship. I cannot see you. I have lost my degree, I have lost you. I am miserable. Betty."

DOLLY. Away with number two.

BETTY. Janet, you remember Harry Young, your favorite at my house-party last winter?

JANET. I quite lost my heart.

BETTY. Give him this and be kind to him. He is a dear, dear boy. [*Exit Janet. Pause.*]

DOLLY. And Dick? Richard Austen?

BETTY. [*Hesitates, then writes.*] "Dear Dick, you say 'must,' I answer 'no.' You almost succeeded in convincing me; it is now too late. Some day I may explain; I cannot now. Your friendship is too precious to lose. Let me keep it, and

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

remember me always, and believe me always the old Betty."

DOLLY. Refuse them all? Well, I never!

BETTY. Take this to Dick yourself, Dolly; I couldn't trust him to any one but you, dear.

DOLLY. But why refuse him if you care so much?

BETTY. I don't care quite enough, Dolly. Please, dear, take it. [*Exit Dolly.*]

BETTY. [*Alone at table, leans head in hands.*] The friendship of all three gone, and he—the degree gone, and he—O, I wonder.

AGNES. [*Throws arms about Betty.*] Shoot the old degree; I'll give you mine.

BLANCH. [*Enters waving card in air.*] Betty, Tom Brummel sends you his card.

BETTY. [*Reads.*] "That's all right, old girl. I thought it was the decent thing to do. We'll begin where we left off. Yours as always, the motor, yacht and Tom." [*Embraces Blanch enthusiastic-*

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

ly.] Return him that, [*Kisses Blanch.*] and tell him he is just bully.

BLANCH. I fly. [*Exit.*]

JANET. [*Enters with card.*] Betty, an answer from Harry Young.

BETTY. [*Reads.*] "You are a brick. I was an a double s. Bother an old degree. Your devoted old boy. Harry." O, Janet, go hug him for me.

JANET. I'll tell him. [*Exit.*]

DOLLY. [*Enters with card.*] Betty, I have made a big mistake. Some day I hope you will learn to forgive me. I thought you were only flirting, but I didn't and couldn't understand your friendships. Dick has told me.

BETTY. What do you mean, dear?

DOLLY. Dick says he himself would rather explain how my foolish remarks misled them. Forgive me, dear, for meddling. I was greatly in the wrong. He sends this card.

BETTY. [*Reads.*] "Don't mind the degree. We all love you, little girl, and the three of us are aching to tell you how, and

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

waiting since you will not, to swear on the old friendship and the old loyalty to our Betty. Dick." Dear, dear boys, I haven't lost them after all.

MAID. [*Enters.*] Professor Richards is downstairs; he sends this note to Miss Clifton, and is waiting for an answer. [*Hands note.*] Girls—Professor Richards, O, Betty, open it quick, quick. [*Enter Dolly, Blanch and Grace.*] We saw Mr. Richards. What is it about, Betty?

GRACE. Perhaps he has made the faculty grant you your degree—

AGNES. Open it, Betty; don't be afraid.

DOLLY. You look at it as if it frightened you.

BETTY. It does. [*Draws away from girls who crowd about her, takes glance at it, smiles, hugs it to herself.*]

GIRLS. What is it, Betty; what is it?

BETTY. [*Breathless.*—He—he says that he—he wishes—the note had been addressed to him—that he—that is—that if I could consent to—to come back to college next year and repeat the course in

## BETTY'S DEGREE.

Psychology I could get my degree next June, and—and—

GIRLS. [*Suspecting.*] Betty, Betty, and what?

BETTY. And—and he wants to know why it was that I cut so many of the Sike lectures and came to every one of his own.

DOLLY. Didn't you cut any of Mr. Richard's lectures throughout the year?

BETTY. [*Shakes head.*] Not one.

DOLLY. Why, Betty, why?

GIRLS. [*Laugh.*] Why, Betty, why?

BETTY. Because, because—well maybe it was the result of an emotion.

MAD. The answer to the note, Miss?

BETTY. Tell him the letter *was* addressed to him.

CURTAIN.





# **THE CLASS PLAY**

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MADELINE STONE (*Dave, the hero*).

CONSTANCE KEMPER (*heroine*).

ANNE HENRIETTA EMELINE FITZHUGH (*A, B, C, Manager.*)

KATHARINE DURKIN (*Heavy*).

MARIE EMERSON (*Cute, Scene Painter*).

FRANCES MINOR (*Bunny, Class Costume Maker*).

RUTH HAGGERT.

ELLEN PERRY.

MRS. McNAB (*Dave's Aunt*).

THE SENIOR (*also Girl I*).

THE FRESHMAN (*also Girl II*).

GIRLS OF THE CLASS, *not necessary, but more effective.*

*Place.*

A COLLEGE IN THE EAST.

*Time.*

AUTUMN.

*Plays one hour and thirty minutes.*

## THE CLASS PLAY.

### ACT I.

SCENE. *Afternoon, Dave's study; Theatrical posters, banners, decorating room. Furniture standing close to wall, chair on top of tea table. A chiffonier with many drawers. Room in state of confusion. ABC on floor L making red paper roses and white lillies. Bunny fitting Constance, who stands center draped in pale green sateen embroidered with jewels. Heavy seated R. sewing on a costume.*

BUNNY. Dog biscuits! that seam has ripped again. [*To Heavy.*] Take smaller stitches, Heavy, or else have the other girls run it up on the machine in May's room. [*Pins in mouth.*] You are going to be a perfect darling in this costume, Constance, when it's finished. Look, girls, isn't it a dream? [*Constance revolves.*]

HEAVY. Perfectly adorable! You are a marvelously clever dressmaker, Bunny; how do you do it?

## *THE CLASS PLAY.*

BUNNY. Oh, I don't know, it's just fun; I make all my own shirtwaists.

ABC. Well, you are a wiz, and my greatest comfort in times like these. I tell you, being manager of a class play may be fun, but it's awfully strenuous.

CONSTANCE. But it can't make you nervous as the mere idea of playing the heroine does me; Saturday night is only two days off, and each minute I am getting more and more fidgety.

HEAVY. Don't speak of it or you will put me on the rack; I nearly die of stage fright myself, but it's all over as soon as I speak my first lines and through the rest of the acts I have the greatest fun of my life; there is nothing that warms the heart so as a class play. Do you think the college will like "The Princess Far Away?"

ABC. It likes anything with you in it, Heavy, you just have to walk on the stage to get a laugh.

HEAVY. What a compliment, he, he, he!

BUNNY. You made a big hit as Mrs. Smith in our play "David Garrick" last

## *THE CLASS PLAY.*

year, Heavy; no one in college has forgotten how funny you were.

HEAVY. I have had to try to be funny ever since to make them remember.

ABC. Is that so hard?

HEAVY. Oh, no, my wit is easy to manufacture, but some of it is of such delicate texture that only the best minds can appreciate it.

ABC. Stung!

BUNNY. Walk off, Constance. What do you think of it?

ABC. Turn around; oh, the back is splendid, beautiful rich green folds; the train is regal. You have no idea how wonderfully sateen shines in the footlights.

HEAVY. Let's see the front.

BUNNY. There is something wrong with that, she needs silver tassels drooping from the shoulders or fastened about the waist.

HEAVY. Yes, that broad effect makes her look too fat for the Princess Far Away, too well fed and self-satisfied; I have a corner on my portly frame and am professionally jealous of encroachments on my stock in trade.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

CONSTANCE. Oh, dear, do change it.

ABC. Put this garland of paper roses about her.

CONSTANCE. Oh, awful, take them away.

HEAVY. Yes, that's assinine.

BUNNY. Dog biscuits! What shall I do?

ABC. She needs an Ophelia like girdle.

CONSTANCE. Dave's got a gold sash.

BUNNY. Where is it?

CONSTANCE. In one of those drawers, I think.

ABC. In here?

CONSTANCE. Oh, don't; we oughtn't to look for it when Dave isn't here.

HEAVY. Dave believes in common property.

BUNNY. This room, for example, the general store-house and workshop for the class in its theatrical season. Look at that bedroom piled up with paper flowers, and Dave's in there with costumes and cosmetics.

HEAVY. Have you seen Dave in any of the rehearsals, Bunny?

## THE CLASS PLAY.

BUNNY. They say she is great.

HEAVY. Is she? You ought to see her make love to Constance.

BUNNY. I shall never forget how stunning she was last year as David Garrick.

ABC. [*Drawing ribbon from drawer.*] How's that? [*Bunny puts it about Constance.*]

HEAVY. Take it off, take it off, it makes her look like a pillow tied in the middle. She must look snaky, a la Bernhardt.

[*Enter Cute in sweater looking a little grimy, carries paint pail and brush.*]

BUNNY. Hello, Cute; you are just in time to give us the benefit of your artistic eye. What does this costume need?

CUTE. May I put my pail here? Look out for paint. [*Comes down stage, back to audience, hand on hip, other clasping brush.*] Well, well, she needs a railing.

GIRLS. What?

CUTE. [*Yawns.*] 'Scuse me, I'm a little tired; been painting scenery all day down in the basement, twisting my neck this way and that, and my head hasn't returned to

## THE CLASS PLAY.

the right spot yet. I should say a princess ought to wear one of those jeweled stomachers you get at the costumer's.

CONSTANCE. Of course, put it on the list, ABC.

ABC. [*Writing on paper.*] This list is a mile long.

CONSTANCE. Look out, you'll get me full of paint.

CUTE. Sorry.

HEAVY. Got the scenery done?

CUTE. [*Yawns.*] 'Scuse me, most all; we ran out of paint; the ship scene needs some more sky, put blue paint on the list.

HEAVY. Where are the other girls?

CUTE. [*Yawns.*] Who, my scene painters? They're carpenters now; that ship scene was a plaguey thing to plan, but it's going to be great. Where's my poster? [*Finds it.*]

ABC. Are you going to make more posters?

CUTE. This is a new one to be hung at the entrance to the hall; the one I had there I sold for two dollars to a visitor.



## THE CLASS PLAY.

HEAVY. What luck; you ought to be at an academy learning art and not in college.

CUTE. That's the funny part of it; if I hadn't come here I would never have thought of drawing a line; when we were getting ready for our play, "David Garrick," last year, I was asked to fill in with color what one of the girls had drawn. I did it just to be helpful.

ABC. And now you are head scene painter and carpenter for the class.

CUTE. Isn't it strange? I came to college with the firm conviction to be graduated a professor of languages; instead, I end my college career with sophomore year to enter the world of art. [*Yawns.*] 'Scuse me, where's Dave?

BUNNY. At a lecture; she ought to be here soon.

CONSTANCE. [*Showing flowers to ABC which she has been making.*] Is that right?

ABC. Looks like a cabbage, but I guess it doesn't matter.

HEAVY. I need some brown cloth for this, ABC, put it on the list.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

BUNNY. And I want about three more yards of white sateen, put that on the list.

CONSTANCE. Do you suppose Dave will buy some candy for me?

ABC. I guess one thing more or less doesn't matter, how much?

CONSTANCE. Two pounds, I can't afford more this week.

DAVE. [*Enters with books which she throws down in great haste.*] Girls, do you think I'll make that 3:20 train to town? The lecture was over at 3, but I had to chase down to the hall to see about the electric light bulbs; have you the list there? Oh, dear, I'm so late and so dirty, haven't had a moment to myself all day; my collar's a sight. [*Puts on fresh one taken from drawer.*]

ABC. What about the electric bulbs?

DAVE. Why, we must have moonlight or dawn light for the opening scene and I had to find out what kind of bulbs to get; the moonlight is worn out.

ABC. Get along without moonlight, it isn't necessary and it's an awful lot of bother.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

DAVE. Play a romantic hero without moonlight. Besides, the book calls for "just before dawn." Never. Slivers, where is a clean stock? [*Rummages in drawers.*]

CUTE. It isn't artistic not to have moonlight.

DAVE. I must find a clean stock.

ABC. I'll get you one of mine. [*Exit.*]

DAVE. There's a handkerchief and money—gloves—only one glove, where's the other—I'll never make that train; Heavy, look in my bedroom for gloves, will you? There's my veil. [*Exit Heavy.*]

ABC. [*Enters.*] Here's a fresh stock.

DAVE. Thanks awfully. Where's the shopping list?

ABC. Here.

DAVE. Read it to me. Oh, I've got my old pumps on. Heavy, bring me my brown shoes, on top of the bed, if you don't find them under.

ABC. One more sailor's costume to be ordered from the costumer's, a box of rouge and—

## THE CLASS PLAY.

DAVE. Cut that, I have all the rouge we need left from our musical show.

ABC. A girdle for Constance——

HEAVY. [*Enters with shoes and glove.*] Here they are.

DAVE. [*Tosses gloves to Bunny.*] Turn them inside out. [*Constance and Heavy put shoes on Dave.*] What kind of a girdle?

CONSTANCE. Jeweled around this way. [*Dave nods.*]

ABC. Wigs for——

DAVE. Know all about wigs.

CONSTANCE. Don't forget mine.

GIRLS. Yours?

ABC. You're not going to be stubborn about that light wig?

CONSTANCE. I insist upon having light hair; it is much prettier to have the contrast; imagine both hero and heroine with dark hair.

ABC. But with your dark complexion——

CUTE. A peroxide brunette.

DAVE. I'll never make that train. [*Laughs.*]

HEAVY. You'll be a sight in a light wig.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

ABC. She can't have it, I'm manager.

CONSTANCE. Then I won't play.

DAVE. I'll get you one. Give me the list.  
I'm off. [*Starts out.*]

HEAVY. Where's your hat?

DAVE. [*Feels head, laughs.*] Hat? Oh, how silly, I forgot it, I haven't worn one for a week; where is my hat?

BUNNY. Which one?

DAVE. Black, with flowers.

HEAVY. Haven't seen it.

DAVE. I remember, I put it in this box.  
[*Takes out black hat, minus flowers, girls gasp, then shriek with laughter.*] I forgot I took off the flowers to sew them on Bunny's costume, but I haven't time to put them back.

HEAVY. I'll get you my hat. [*Exit.*]

BUNNY. Perhaps one of mine will be more becoming. [*Exit.*]

CONSTANCE. Or mine. [*Exit.*]

DAVE. I shan't have enough breath left to run to the station.

ABC. There is a rehearsal to-night, and do learn your cues.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

DAVE. I'm going to study my part on the train. Do you think we'll make a hit? Every one is green with curiosity to know the name of the play and all eye me suspiciously.

HEAVY. [*Enters with hat.*] Try this.

DAVE. Oh, dear, it makes me look like a turnip.

BUNNY. [*Enters with hat.*] Put this on.

DAVE. Well——

CONSTANCE. [*Enters with hat.*] Wear mine.

DAVE. Too small, I'll take yours, Bunny; thanks, have I everything now? Good bye. [*Exit.*]

CUTE. Do you think she'll make it?

BUNNY. It is as natural for Dave to catch a train as it is for her to run for it.

HEAVY. I'm out of breath myself. [*Picks up untrimmed hat, puts it on to be funny.*] The latest style, the invisible trimming; ladies, isn't it charming, very charming? Girls, when you buy a hat do you get a bill with it?

GIRLS. Of course.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

HEAVY. When do you get two bills with it?

BUNNY. Don't know.

CUTE. Another brilliant joke of yours, I suppose.

ABC. Give it up, when do you get two bills with a hat?

HEAVY. When there is a bird on it.

GIRLS. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

HEAVY. Frivolity avaunt; 'tis not the time for levity; to the needle slaves that the hero may be clad in velvet doublet and silken hose; a needle, a needle, my kingdom for a needle. [*Pricks herself on it.*] Ouch!!!

CUTE. [*Splashes paint on poster.*] I wish Rostand could see my scenery for the "Princess Faraway." Mr. Belasco isn't in it. I've made the loveliest palace——

BUNNY. [*At window.*] Dog biscuits, there's Dave coming back with her aunt.

ABC. She has missed the train.

CUTE. Is that the aunt Dave has been expecting?

ABC. The one she has lived with since her parents died?

## THE CLASS PLAY.

CONSTANCE. And she dreads to have come?

BUNNY. Yes, yes, and look at this room, quick, clean it up.

*[Wild confusion as girls try to set room to rights; spontaneous remarks of "Put this there, here, take this." When Dave and Mrs. McNab enter, girls stop suddenly in awkward positions to create a laugh.]*

DAVE. This is my aunt, Mrs. McNab, I have told you so much about; aunt, this is Miss Kemper, Fitzburgh, Durkin, Emerson, Minor.

MRS. M. *[Bows stiffly, puckers nose.]*  
What an untidy room.

DAVE. We are preparing for a big class play.

MRS. M. Very inconsiderate, indeed, I think, of them to impose upon you.

DAVE. Oh, I like it.

ABC. How about the shopping?

DAVE. Here is the list, ask some one else to go; wasn't it a strange coincidence that aunt should get off the train from the city just as I reached the station?



## THE CLASS PLAY.

ABC. I'll corral somebody else. [*Exit.*]

CONSTANCE. Be sure to explain about my wig. [*Calls after her.*]

DAVE. And my moonlight.

MRS. M. Moonlight, wig?

DAVE. For the play; won't you take off your coat?

MRS. M. No, I shall not stay long for fear of interrupting your lessons.

HEAVY. Our lectures?

CONSTANCE	}	[ <i>Soto together.</i> ] Lectures.
BUNNY.		
CUTE.		

DAVE. Most of our lectures come in the morning, aunt; we may spend the rest of our time as we choose.

MRS. M. You astonish me; as I met you, you were going into the city alone, unchaperoned, to shop for the school?

HEAVY. The college?

CONSTANCE.	}	[ <i>Soto.</i> ] College.
BUNNY.		
CUTE.		

DAVE. I like to do it.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

MRS. M. And may every girl go without asking permission from the teachers?

HEAVY. The professors?

CONSTANCE } [*Soto together.*] Profes-  
BUNNY. } sors.  
CUTE. }

MRS. M. Or have you earned the privilege because of good behavior?

HEAVY. [*Aside to Cute.*] Say, she takes this for a boarding school.

DAVE. We have the system of self-government by which is meant——

MRS. M. [*Points to costumes.*] What is that?

BUNNY. A costume for Constance.

MRS. M. Charming; I am surprised to see a college girl sew; very well done, indeed. [*Aside to Dave.*] I don't suppose she is very intellectual.

DAVE. [*Laughs.*] Bunny is one of the cleverest girls in the class, isn't she, Heavy?

MRS. M. Oh, dear, what a name, do they—always call—you—that?

HEAVY. I'm not a bit offended; it's my nickname.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

MRS. M. It is startlingly frank; do you sew, too?

HEAVY. Yes, a little.

CUTE. Heavy is one of our star actresses.

HEAVY. [*Pretending modesty.*] Now, Cute, don't embarrass me.

MRS. M. Cute!!!

CUTE. [*Hurt.*] Don't I look it?

CONSTANCE. [*Embraces Cute.*] Cute is the artist of the class.

HEAVY. [*Holds up poster.*] That's hers.

MRS. M. [*Astonished.*] Very good, indeed, very good, indeed; what is it?

HEAVY. [*Pokes Cute.*] She wants to know what it is.

DAVE. A poster announcing the date, time and place where our play is to be given.

MRS. M. I am interested, my dear Madeline, to see how badly you can act.

HEAVY. Dave is a star.

MRS. M. Do you still call Madeline by that foolish name?

## THE CLASS PLAY.

CUTE. It is hers ever since she played David Garrick so well last year.

MRS. M. Very undignified.

BUNNY. A token of affection.

MRS. M. A very untidy room; what is this? [*Picks up untrimmed hat.*] Your hat? Where are all those beautiful roses I paid so much for?

DAVE. Well—you see, aunt, hats aren't worn—on the campus.

HEAVY. [*Aside.*] No, on our heads.

MRS. M. The idea of ruining such an expensive hat and wearing such a fright! [*Pout from Bunny.*] Where *did* you get it?

DAVE. One of the girls lent it to me.

MRS. M. Madeline Stone, you haven't borrowed somebody's hat? I am ashamed of you.

BUNNY. We often borrow like that.

MRS. M. Do you, indeed? A very bad habit. Look at the hat she has on now, a cheap, unbecoming affair. Take it off. [*Pointing to Dave's bedroom.*] Where does this go? [*Exit.*]

DAVE. My bedroom. [*To girls.*] Did you clean it up?

## THE CLASS PLAY.

HEAVY. [*Whisper.*] Didn't have time.

DAVE. It's all up with me. [*Exit.*]

CUTE. Aren't you tired of teaching people all about college? I am going to depart as soon as I can manage it gracefully.

MRS. M. [*Enters.*] Madeline, you have lost all your sense of order; a room so small that one can scarcely turn around in it, and littered with everything.

HEAVY. Well, you see Mrs. McNab, Dave wasn't very wise when she moved into this suite. The bedrooms are so tiny that each new occupant is confronted with the problem of deciding what article of furniture is of most importance, a dresser or a bed. We keep intact the one we consider the most essential to our comfort, but oust the other, and have it painted on the wall. Dave kept both, and you see it is not a bit practical.

MRS. M. I scarcely comprehend—

DAVE. Aunt, can't I offer you some tea?

MRS. M. I don't see how you can; where is it?

CUTE. [*Aside to Heavy.*] Slivers, I shot the tea-caddy under the couch.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

DAVE. [*Looking about.*] I always have tea for the girls in the afternoon.

CUTE. [*Aside to Dave.*] Tea-caddy—couch—my fault.

DAVE. But as my room is so uncomfortable to-day, we had better go to the tea-house.

ABC. [*Enters.*] Ellen Perry took the list.

DAVE. You didn't send her?

ABC. Why not?

DAVE. Because it isn't fair to send on your errands a girl whom none of us like, or ever entertain, or even speak to.

ABC. Pshaw! she was only too glad to have me pay attention to her.

DAVE. You should have gone yourself rather than beg a favor from a girl you may cut on the campus to-morrow.

ABC. Ruth Haggerty refused.

DAVE. Good, I am glad of it.

CONSTANCE. You're too cordial to all the girls, Dave; it doesn't pay; you will only be troubled by having about you a great many you are above associating with.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

DAVE. I believe in greeting every time I see her, every girl I have no reason to dislike; but you greet one day and cut the next.

ABC. You are entirely too nice to Ruth and I tell you she isn't worth it; I lived in her Hall last year, you know.

DAVE. I don't know whether or not she's worth it, but until I find out to the contrary through personal experience, she is worthy of my recognition, Abc.

MRS. M. Abc, what's that?

HEAVY. Allow me to introduce to you, Miss Anne Henrietta Emeline Fitzburgh, whom we call Abc to relieve her from the burden of her long name. We used to call her Ahef, but soon changed to Abc, which was easier for our kindergarten minds to remember.

CUTE. [*Aside to Bunny.*] Come along, I'm bored to death.

DAVE. Are you going?

CUTE. Awfully sorry I have some studying to do.

HEAVY. So have I.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

BUNNY. That reminds me of my chemistry.

CONSTANCE. And my Greek.

HEAVY. Good-bye, Mrs. McNab.

[*Formal "adieux" and girls exeunt.*]

MRS. M. Madeline, are those the nicest girls in the school?

DAVE. In college? They are very popular and influential and I am very fond of them. I should prefer to call them a few of the nicest girls in college; there are a great many.

MRS. M. Are they rich?

DAVE. Not all.

MRS. M. What are their social positions in their homes?

DAVE. I can't say; they come from different cities.

MRS. M. You should make it a point to know. How do you gauge social position here?

DAVE. It depends mostly upon personality, ability and chance. Some girls who are known to have social prestige at home are only tolerated here. While others who are



## THE CLASS PLAY.

working their way through college are very much respected. On the whole, a girl stands on her own merit, irrespective of her relatives.

MRS. M. Are you popular?

DAVE. That is an embarrassing question, aunt.

MRS. M. I scarcely believe it, or else they would not impose upon your good nature to do their shopping or litter your room like this. Nor can I understand how these girls to whom you introduced me are the representative girls of your class; their clothes were shabby and their hair and hands not at all groomed.

DAVE. Oh, if you wish to meet the college society girl, I'll take you to the tea-house where they are to be found every afternoon.

MRS. M. Then *they* are the representative girls.

DAVE. By no means; quite the contrary; they spend most of their spare time at house parties and at theater and luncheon parties in town; they are very charming

## *THE CLASS PLAY.*

and we are fond of them, but no influence of theirs is felt in the affairs of the class.

MRS. M. Very queer reasoning, my dear; I don't understand it. Are you recognized by the whole college as a girl of social prestige?

DAVE. Yes, I may safely say so.

MRS. M. College social prestige?

DAVE. Yes, I doubt if there are more than fifteen girls who know even the town I come from.

MRS. M. It is inconceivable. But why are you nice to a girl whom your friends will have nothing to do with?

DAVE. Because Ruth is in one of my classes, and has done me the kindness to let me copy her notes on a lecture I cut. She isn't known in the class; isn't known for doing anything especially well, playing basket ball or hockey, swimming or acting, or writing, and therefore my friends think she isn't interesting and not worth knowing.

MRS. M. They are right, I am sure. Our social position in Cincinnati is not great enough to warrant your making any mis-

## THE CLASS PLAY.

takes here; it will only stand to your credit at home if you make influential friends. I am really cross with you for jeopardizing your reputation by associating with any one that is not admitted into the circle of the select few.

DAVE. I don't associate with Ruth Haggert aunt; I don't know anything about her; I also question if she is interesting, but all the same I believe it is only human to wish her the time of day.

MRS. M. You are always so headstrong. Just like your father. Always insisting upon going against the current of popular opinion.

DAVE. [*Laughs.*] Quite true, aunt; and now, since so much fuss has been made about it, I am determined more than ever to bow to Ruth; but let us go to the tea-house.

MRS. M. I must take an early train into town so as to have time to unpack my trunk at the hotel before your uncle returns from his business conference.

DAVE. We have time; excuse me just a

## THE CLASS PLAY.

moment, aunt, and I'll pin up my rebellious and ungroomed hair. [*Exit.*]

MRS. M. You need to do so. [*Looks about room; picks up books.*] A novel; another, and another; all Henry James; Matthew Arnold, Euripides, Nonsense Rhymes, Darwin, Bewoulf, The Foolish Dictionary, another Henry James, Alice in Wonderland; truly a remarkable collection. [*Turns around just in time to see Girls 1 and 2 walk off with Dave's rug. Excited.*] Here, what are you doing with my niece's rug? Madeline! drop it this instant. How dare you? Madeline!

GIRLS. Oh, that's all right. [*Exit with rug.*]

MRS. M. What effrontery! Madeline, they have stolen your rug; they—[*Turns again to see them take out a chair.*—and now they are taking your chair!!!

DAVE. [*Enters.*] Hello!

GIRL 1. We need the rug and chair for the palace scene.

DAVE. All right. [*Exeunt girls.*]

MRS. M. Why—why—I never! What impudence! You are the most imposed upon

## THE CLASS PLAY.

girl in the school—I am ashamed of your meek endurance of insult!!

DAVE. Aunt, you don't understand.

MRS. M. No, I can scarcely say I do; I have never been in a place that has so succeeded in upsetting me. I don't think it is good for your nerves to live in such a continual state of confusion; I must have some air.

DAVE. Very well. [*Starts out.*]

MRS. M. Don't you lock your door?

DAVE. There is no need of that.

MRS. M. Indeed, I think there is great need; at the rate they have been taking your things, they won't leave you more than a tooth brush before night-fall. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Pause. Enter Bunny, Cute, Constance.*]

BUNNY. The coast is clear, I saw them go out; we have to finish your costume, Constance.

CUTE. And I my poster.

BUNNY. People do get the strangest ideas about us and draw the weirdest conclu-

## THE CLASS PLAY.

sions; you would think that a college course developed us into extraordinary animals fit for nothing but exhibition at a zoo.

CUTE. Which species? [*Crows, ba-as, moos, etc.*]

BUNNY. It took me a year to reform the family habit of saying "school"; then, after I had expatiated upon the dignity of our courses, and the independence given to us as college women, they were panic-stricken that I was going to lose my joy in domesticity and develop into a blue stocking.

CONSTANCE. A woman was horribly shocked one day when in answer to her question I said that the college provided maids to clean our rooms and make our beds; her idea was to send her daughter to a place where she could learn how to make beds; I told her that if it would take her daughter four years to learn how to make a bed, I was afraid she could never pass a college examination.

CUTE. Did you hand it to her as strong as that?

CONSTANCE. Her stupidity incensed me; I was thinking of the epidemics of sewing

## THE CLASS PLAY.

fever we get before Christmas and of all the good dinners we cook. When I am married, I am going to show what a fine house-keeper a college girl can be.

BUNNY. So am I, to prove, if nothing else, that we don't have to boil water with a thermometer.

CUTE. The trouble is that people outside of college can't see enough of college life to understand it; they see us grave one day and foolish the next, but do not know when to take us seriously, when frivolously; the world has created one pattern of college girl; when a girl happens to fit it, she is the type; all others only exceptions. Then she gets fat on hot chocolate, or thin during exams, and is slipped unceremoniously into the list of exceptions.

ABC. [*Enters, worried.*] Say, how can you make a ship creak?

CUTE. Wear squeaky shoes?

ABC. How do you make shoes squeak?

CUTE. If that's a joke, I give it up.

ABC. Do help me; I'm getting desperate. I've looked at your ship scene and it's great; but when the sailors are working the

## THE CLASS PLAY.

oars we must have a creaking and groaning for realism.

[*Girls rise, hunt about room, thinking.*]

BUNNY. [*Scrapes chair across floor.*] How's that?

CONSTANCE. [*Knocks hat-box against wall.*] How's that?

CUTE. My carpenters and I will find a way.

ABC. [*Relieved.*] Oh, I hope you can manage it.

RUTH. [*Enters.*] Is Dave Stone here?

ABC. [*To Constance.*] Ruth Haggert; I told Dave she'd pester her to death now.

BUNNY. Dave's out.

RUTH. Do you know when she'll return?

BUNNY. No, I don't.

CUTE. Something important? We'll give her a message.

RUTH. Thank you; it is not urgent enough to warrant that. [*Exit.*]

ABC. She is the most independent kind of a creature.

BUNNY. I guess she is harmless.



## THE CLASS PLAY.

CONSTANCE. She goes about the campus in a quiet enough way, minding her own business; she seems to have only a few friends.

CUTE. Who are they?

CONSTANCE. A bunch of quiet grinds in Darby Hall that haven't any class spirit, and don't care a snap if we are going to give "The Princess Far-Away" or "What Happened to Jones." You must know about them, Abc; you were in their Hall last year.

ABC. Never had much to do with them; I told Dave if she gave her any encouragement Ruth would be hanging about her all the time.

CUTE. I wonder what she wanted.

ABC. That is just a trick to get a chance to come again.

CUTE. Oh, I'm tired.

[*Enter Dave.*]

DAVE. That was bully of you girls to clean my room up; I nearly died when I met aunt at the station; she came a week earlier than she had intended, because uncle had business in town.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

BUNNY. We cleaned up as well as we could.

DAVE. I am worn to a frazzle with the strain, and I am horribly blue, because I know aunt has gone away with the most awful impressions of college and us; but what could I do? One can't explain whys and wherefores in one short hour.

BUNNY. Cheer up, you can't afford to get peevish before the play.

DAVE. Well, I'm sick; downright heart-sick.

ABC. And I'm tired.

CUTE. I'm too stiff to move.

CONSTANCE. I'm getting a sore throat.

BUNNY. No, you are not; you just can't; you've *got* to play day after to-morrow.

[*Girls all doze a bit.*]

BUNNY. [*Suddenly.*] Let's not go down to the dining-room for dinner, but make our supper up here.

CUTE. [*Wide awake.*] Just the thing! What shall we have? I'll fry a steak.

BUNNY. I'll make waffles.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

CONSTANCE. Let me get peas and Saratoga chips.

ABC. I'll make the coffee and get Heavy to help us buy the food in the village.

CUTE. Get the dishes out, Dave, and we'll have the stuff all cooking in the little kitchen across the hall before you can say Jack Robinson. [*Exeunt all except Dave, who arranges tea-table. Enter Ruth.*]

RUTH. May I claim a few moments of your time, Dave?

DAVE. Certainly, Ruth; come in, won't you?

RUTH. I saw by the registration card in the library that you are reading Malory; if you have not promised to give it to some one else when you have read it may I—

DAVE. I'll give it to you now; I finished it this morning, but didn't have the time to return it. [*Gives book.*]

RUTH. [*Takes it.*] Thank you. [*Turns to go.*] I shall try to do all the reading in it to-night. [*Almost exit.*]

DAVE. Oh,—

RUTH. Did you speak?

## THE CLASS PLAY.

DAVE. Why—I—won't you sit down? This is the first call you have ever made me; can't I—at least offer you the hospitality—of a chair; I can't offer you anything else because every eatable thing has disappeared since my rooms are class property.

RUTH. [*Sits.*] You have a double suite, haven't you, but no room-mate?

DAVE. My room-mate to be was sick just as college opened this fall, so I am left companionless for the rest of the year. We use that empty bed-room for class properties.

RUTH. And these are the costumes and flowers for the play. They will be very effective. You love to act, don't you?

DAVE. Yes, it is great fun.

RUTH. Doesn't it mean anything more than fun to you?

DAVE. [*Arrested action with tea-cup.*] In what way?

RUTH. You have a dramatic mouth.

DAVE. Have I? What is it like?

RUTH. Your mirror will answer that question better than I can. You have a great deal of temperament—

## THE CLASS PLAY.

DAVE. Yes, I know that; Constance says I hug her too tight in the love scene.

RUTH. [*Laughs.*] I thought I understood you. We were talking about your acting after we had watched the rehearsal last night and ended with a heated discussion. I claimed you acted with fire, enthusiasm and delight, gaining your artistic and realistic effects through the senses rather than through real understanding of technic; you accept with pleasure any part the committee gives you, memorize the lines in odd moments, and interpret them only at the rehearsals, by which I mean, you don't lock yourself in this room, for instance, and study every sentence of your part with accompanying gestures, study the meaning of every word, its value in regard to the whole play, its psychological significance.

DAVE. Oh, dear no; nobody does that.

RUTH. An actress must.

DAVE. I suppose so, but I can't pretend to be one; if I had to do all that work I'd never want to be in a play; I'd lose all the fun of it; they just give me the leading parts because I'm not afraid to be the dashing lover.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

RUTH. You play your part in this play better than you did David Garrick.

DAVE. What was wrong with my David Garrick?

RUTH. You had too much of the dashing hero in your interpretation and not enough of the polished subtlety of the gentleman.

DAVE. How do you know all that?

RUTH. I played the part during my senior year at prep school.

DAVE. How could you? You don't look big enough.

RUTH. I wore French-heeled slippers inside of high-heeled boots.

DAVE. How could you walk?

RUTH. It wasn't very comfortable, but the weight on my feet gave me a manly stride and then a wig and make-up utterly disguised me.

DAVE. I didn't know you could act; why haven't you been in some of our plays?

RUTH. For several reasons; because I didn't have enough courage freshman year to try for a part when you girls did; sec-

## THE CLASS PLAY.

only, I lost interest when I saw how many were anxious to play, and, thirdly, because I have never been asked.

DAVE. You can't afford to wait until you are asked at college. It is a case of the survival of the fittest.

RUTH. A truth I learned too late. Girls who made hits in our first play have been cast and recast for each one following, and with justice, for they deserve them. I couldn't ask to be given a part now without taking it away from some other girl whom the class favors. It was my fault that I missed the first chance.

DAVE. Why not offer yourself as an understudy?

RUTH. I have learned all the parts in the play and watched almost every rehearsal for the practice, to be ready in case some girl could not play.

DAVE. How you must love work.

RUTH. [*Laughs.*] It isn't work; it is art; and the study of art is pleasure.

DAVE. Did you really lock yourself in your room and learn every part with its

## THE CLASS PLAY.

psychological insig and so forth and all those other things you said, just for fun?

RUTH. [*Laughs.*] Yes.

DAVE. So much work ought not to go to waste; why aren't you out working for the class instead of hiding yourself away from us?

RUTH. [*Soberly.*] That is one of the problems of life, Dave; some of us feel we could do great things if we had the encouragement and strength of a powerful person to urge us on, but lacking which would rather never strive than undergo the torture of a possible failure.

DAVE. But you couldn't fail; you know too much.

RUTH. If you had said that to me last year at the great moment I should have had the courage to try for a part.

DAVE. Don't think so much; go ahead as I do; have a good time and don't worry; assert yourself and don't introspect; work for the class; you have duties toward it.

RUTH. If I have duties toward the class, has it none toward me?

DAVE. How?



## *THE CLASS PLAY.*

RUTH. Granted I have never proved myself brilliant, ought not the class to give me, every girl, the chance to show what is in her?

DAVE. But how?

RUTH. Put different girls on committees instead of the same ones each time.

DAVE. The ones reappointed are proved efficient; it costs too much to pay for the blunders of the inexperienced. Success doesn't seek people in the world, you know, and college is a world in miniature form. You have to conquer sensitiveness and fight.

RUTH. There is too much of this sensitiveness concealing a wealth of greatness in more girls than you dream of, Dave; all they need is the chance and encouragement; but the chances are seized by the self-assertive few, who, having gained the highest honors that are offered here, look upon their less fortunate, less courageous, neighbors as not worthy of consideration.

DAVE. You mean the girls are not—cordial—I am sorry—I—

RUTH. You misunderstand me; I am

## *THE CLASS PLAY.*

merely defending myself from your accusation that I am not interested in the class; I am not interested because it will not let me be; as for the childish snobbishness of some of the girls, it only amuses me; it so belittles them in my estimation that their cuts cannot draw blood.

DAVE. I wish they could hear you say so.

RUTH. Their actions only indicate small minds, while your courtesy—well—if you should see fit to cut me—it would hurt.

DAVE. They don't really mean anything by it; please forgive them for my sake, because they are my friends.

RUTH. I cannot forgive them, because they have not hurt me; we can only forgive when we feel we have been wronged; I have my own diffidence to blame. When I entered as a freshman last year and read all about the girls who had lived in my room for the past twenty-five years, girls, most of whom, had led "big" lives at college in their day, I felt it was my duty to be a "big" girl in turn; all last year I hoped and waited for an opportunity and when none came I was a coward and gave up.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

DAVE. [*Follows Ruth to brass plates on wall.*] You missed your opportunity. [*Looks at plate.*] Some of these girls didn't. Harriet Jenkins, whose name is engraved here, 1894-1898, was president of her class, secretary of Undergraduate Association and president of the Religious League. Rose Langton, 1899-1900, only remained in this room a year, but she is the novelist of that name we all know so well. Her roommate, Cicely Divers, was one of the best actresses ever seen in college; Frances Warner and Frances Stewart, room-mates 1902-1906, known as the "Twins," were presidents of their class and basket ball stars.

RUTH. Do you know about the girls way back there in 1889?

DAVE. Oh, dear no; I haven't had time to hunt up their histories.

RUTH. You ought to; it is very interesting; I have written a little record all about my predecessors, getting my facts about them from old college magazines, trophies and pictures; and then I have written to those who have no friends here to tell me

## THE CLASS PLAY.

about them. Just think of the different kinds of girls that have lived within these four walls which you consider your very own now. They in their time felt their ownership and returning to-day would look upon you as the usurper.

DAVE. I never thought of that.

RUTH. Sometimes when I am in my room alone, I conjure up before me scenes that might have taken place there; I begin in 1889 with a girl named Julianna, who was rather pretty, judging from her pictures; of course, her nick-name must have been Jule; I try to imagine what college was like then and how the girls dressed, and if it makes them very home-sick to come back and see everything so changed and find girls entirely out of sympathy with them living in their rooms; when they come back after all these years they go to the old room, seeking there the memories of their college life and friendships, and find green curtains at the windows where their red ones used to hang, and photographs of strange faces where the familiar ones used to smile at them; a *stranger* is living in

## THE CLASS PLAY.

their room and they go away feeling that in all the college there is nothing left to them—but memories; I don't want to make them feel that way, so I've hung a little sign of "Welcome" on my door. [*Pause of mutual understanding.*] Will you come?

HEAVY. [*Enters, frying pan in hand, big apron about her.*] The steak is done, Dave, and it is great; it almost fell out when we turned it over, but we landed it finally. [*Exit Ruth quietly.*] It is a peach now.

CUTE. We have the best things to eat.

CONSTANCE. Isn't this fun?

BUNNY. [*Putting food on table.*] We didn't have enough money, Dave, to pay for the things, so we charged them to you and will settle up at the end of the month.

ABC. A friend of Cute's met us in the village and took us home in his machine.

HEAVY. Ha! ha! ha! ha!!!

GIRLS. [*Astonished at sudden mirth.*] What's the matter with you?

HEAVY. I just thought of a joke. If an automobile is more expensive than an electric, why should gasoline be more expensive than electricity?

*THE CLASS PLAY.*

GIRLS. Give it up, give it up.

HEAVY. One has to be paid for and the other is only charged!!!

*[Hilarious laughter as curtain falls.]*

## THE CLASS PLAY.

### ACT II.

SCENE 1. *Behind the scenes. A table decked with make-up. Old mirror on it; a few chairs. Hammering heard off.*

ABC. [*Off.*] There that will hold now.  
[*Hammering ceases.*]

RUTH. [*Off.*] Look out for your head, we are going to swing down the back drop; catch that rope, Kate—wait a moment; that's it.

ABC. Now for the sails. [*Hammering heard.*]

[*Enter Cute and Mrs. M. from L., cross toward R. as if going to stage.*]

CUTE. It isn't very clean in the wings, Mrs. McNab, but Dave thought you would enjoy seeing how our plays are managed. I'll take you across the stage to the dressing room where Dave is now.

ABC. [*Off.*] Be careful—a little more to the right—

CUTE. [*Looking off R.*] We'll have to wait a moment, until they get that mast in place; you see the boat has just come

## THE CLASS PLAY.

through a bad storm, by which the sails have been torn and the yards broken.

MRS. M. [*Holding up skirt.*] And you painted that scenery

CUTE. Doesn't it look like a galley?

MRS. M. Indeed it does; and the bit of sky in the distance is excellent. You are very ingenious, Miss—Miss—

CUTE. Make it Cute.

MRS. M. Very ingenious, Miss Cute.

ABC. [*Off.*] Steady—steady—look out—

MRS. M. I am impatient to see Dave act. What is she? A prince?

CUTE. No, she is Bertrand D'Allamon, a knight and troubadour, who falls in love with a princess, Melissinde—that's Constance; don't you know the plot?

MRS. M. Dave has been too busy to relate it; I asked her to, yesterday, when I was doing her mending in her study, but she refused. The poor child was too embarrassed. My dear, she knows nothing about acting. College dramatics, Miss Cute, are only amateur after all.



## THE CLASS PLAY.

CUTE—They may surprise you as much as everything else in college.

MRS. M. Well, well; then I am not yet fully initiated?

CUTE. [*Laughs.*] Not yet.

MRS. M. Does Dave fall in love with the princess and does she marry her in the end?

CUTE. No, it is very sad; that is the part I don't like about it. You see, Joffroy Rudel, a prince, is in love with Melissinde, whom he has heard about and dreamed of and praised in his songs. He becomes so ill with longing to behold her beauty that when his galley [*points*], first act, nears Tripoli, he is too near death to land; Bertrand, that's Dave, goes to implore Melissinde to come to Rudel. Although all this time Melissinde has known Rudel's songs about her and has loved him in return, she falls in love with Bertand; then it is a case of "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

MRS. M. What happens then?

CUTE. Love scene, a thriller; followed by deep remorse for their treason toward

## THE CLASS PLAY.

Rudel when they believe him dead, the signal of his death was to be a black flag hoisted on his ship; but the black flag turns out to be mourning for The Knight—Whose-Arms-Are-Green; Rudel is still alive and Bertrand and Melissinde much relieved go to him for pardon; when they get your emotions to this wuzzey state, the curtain falls on my palace scenery. Wait until you see that palace scenery—

Mrs. M. Do they kill each other?

CUTE. No, everything is confessed. Rudel dies in peace, having seen his princess, that is all his ideal, you know. Melissinde retires to Mount Carmel and sends Bertrand to "battle for the Cross." I wish they had married. [*Enter Ruth and Ellen with divan.*] Are you going to put that here?

RUTH. Abc said to bring the palace properties in here.

CUTE. The first act is almost set; I guess we can may cross now Mrs. McNab.

Mrs. M. I shall hold up my skirt. [*Exeunt Mrs. M. and Cute R.*]

## THE CLASS PLAY.

ELLEN. This is the last bit of scene-shifting I am going to do, Ruth.

RUTH. The play begins in an hour, you cannot be a deserter to your class now. The girls who act must not shift the scenes and carry property; that work must be done by the rest of the class. [*Put divan down.*]

ELLEN. We are welcome to the ungrateful responsibilities; I shall always regret that you are not in this cast.

RUTH. Oh, Ellen, your heart is just a little bruised, and you a little jealous and a little unkind; jealous of the girls who have shown that they could act, that they could score a dramatic success for the class, unkind in that your harbor against them a hatred they do not feel for you.

ELLEN. If they did not hate me they would not cut me; the other day I went all the way to town to do their shopping; Abc was very sweet when she asked me, but the next day she gave me the coolest kind of a nod.

RUTH. You should not have gone; I refused.

## *THE CLASS PLAY.*

ELLEN. I was delighted to be of service to the class.

RUTH. It was magnanimous of you to go, dear; Abc's attitude in return only proves that she is your inferior, not worthy of your respect, and hence not worthy of your ill-feeling. If in her position as manager she asks you to help with the stage setting, you are serving not her, but the class; the shopping the other day was a more personal matter, and for that reason you should not have gone.

ELLEN. I thought she might like me better for it.

RUTH. But why try to buy Abc's good will? You dislike her as much as I do; because you think she can help you to know the influential girls in the class? Friendship that can be bought is never true. You cheapen its value when you barter yourself-respect for it.

ELLEN. I don't care so much about the girls, Ruth; only it hurts to see the class run by a few who believe themselves the only capable creatures in college. I could make a good president myself if I had the

## THE CLASS PLAY.

chance, but I am lost like a needle in a haystack; here you are moving furniture when you should be playing the hero.

RUTH. Oh, no, Dave is the hero.

ELLEN. Yes, that is true; I worship her, especially since she has been so nice to you. I know she doesn't care if I am in the world or not, *really*, but she is nice about greeting; if she is indifferent, at least, she doesn't hate me.

RUTH. Why should the girls hate you, dear? They are too preoccupied with their own affairs to think of us. Our little band of friends is a close and strong one; we love you for yourself and not for anything you have done; come, let us see how nicely we can help with the stage setting; we may prove to be so helpful that our latent abilities cannot fail to be recognized.

ELLEN. There isn't any one in college like you, Ruth; if you were only appreciated as you deserve; somehow troubles which seem very big and ugly to me dwindle to the petty after a talk with you.

RUTH. Do they really? Then, perhaps,

## THE CLASS PLAY.

I have been able to do a little something after all.

DAVE. [*Enters in costume, brown velvet, doublet and hose, cape, wears dark hair in curls to shoulder; small brown velvet cap with jaunty quill; and Mrs. M., talking as they enter.*] I am glad you like the costume, aunt. Do you think you can find your way out alone? [*Cross L.*] Down that little step, through the passageway and then turn right. It is early, but perhaps you had better not stay away too long. Remember the Junior I introduced you to will meet you at the entrance at quarter to eight, and will sit next to you during the play; I think you are not going to be bored.

MRS. M. I haven't had a chance to be bored for one moment since I have been here. Do not worry about me; play well and don't disgrace us.

DAVE. The turn to the right.

MRS. M. My dear, the turn to the left would bring me to the swimming pool!!!  
[*Exit.*]

M. H. U.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

DAVE. [*Laughs.*] Oh, aunt knows all about college now.

ELLEN. You are adorable in that costume.

DAVE. Thank you. Ruth, would you mind going through some of those scenes again? You have given me so many pointers about technique that I am scared to death I am playing everything wrong. Let me try the poem first.

RUTH. Where you are encouraging the exhausted sailors? Very well, I'll give you the cue. "You have so oft on days when we despaired, so often told us how the Princess is."

DAVE. [*Standing center, recites poetically, lyrically, rising to enthusiasm.*]

"Once more, then, hear of all that's fair,  
And, sailors, let your spirits rise!  
The sunlight plays around her hair,  
The moonlight dreams within her eyes!

When through her tresses' waving shades  
Her beauty shines, subdued and deep,  
All men in love are renegades.  
All mistresses are called to weep.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

A charm that's real, with trace so faint,  
Makes hers alone a grace that's true;  
A grace that would become a Saint  
Who'd be a strange Enchantress, too!

Her manners captivate and strike,  
Her power conquers everything;  
Her attitudes are flower-like,  
Her intonations songs of spring!

Such, in her pretty oddity  
That's French, but tinged with Moabite,  
Is *Melissinde*, the rareity  
That dwells in Tripoli and light!

RUTH. Good.

ELLEN. Oh, that's adorable!

RUTH. You will show even more enthusiasm when the audience is there to inspire you. What next?

DAVE. The ending of act two, where I plead to *Melissinde* for *Rudel* and she refuses to come because she has fallen in love with me. You take *Constance's* part. [*In character.*] "Alas! We dare not even bear him hear!"

RUTH. You didn't feel that "alas" a bit.



## THE CLASS PLAY.

DAVE. Didn't I? How is this? Alas!

RUTH. That sounds as if you had a pain.

DAVE. [*Laughs.*] Alas—alas—alas—  
alas—how's that?

RUTH. Oh, why did you spoil the last

DAVE.—

Alas by speaking? That was artistic.

“Alas! We dare not even bear him hear!  
Come, Princess, with a name mellifluous,  
So he shall know in life what heaven is.”

RUTH. [*Drawing back; in character of  
Melissinde.*] “You speak of whom?”

DAVE.—

“Of this Joffroy Rudel,

Whose dying moment has arrived—of him  
Whose love you said you loved.

Make haste! I promised!”

RUTH. “But—but you, Sir Knight,  
who are you then?”

DAVE. “Bertrand d'Allamanon, his  
brother, friend—come on then quickly!”

RUTH. [*Voice dramatic, down the whole  
scale in almost defiant.*] “No!” [*Pause.*]

DAVE. [*Awed.*] You are an artist.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

RUTH. [*As if coming back to earth.*]  
The other scene, too? You were a little  
afraid of it last night.

DAVE. That was because I was playing  
with Constance at the rehearsal; it is easier  
to play up to you; you carry me with you.

RUTH. Shall we skip to the scene where  
Bertrand is afraid to look out of the win-  
dow for fear of seeing the black flag sig-  
nalling Rudel's death out at sea?

"So that I can be yours, be thine, I will.  
Not see Rudel! I will not go to him!"

DAVE. "That window, open seaward,  
frightens me."

RUTH. Go forward on that anxiously.  
You want to look out and yet you are  
afraid the sail is black.

DAVE. "That window, open seaward,  
frightens me."

RUTH. [*Runs to pantomime window,  
closes it, leans back against it.*]

"Well, now it's closed!—And thou art  
mine to keep!

It's closed and shall not open again!  
Now let's forget! This palace is a world!  
Who ever spoke of galleys, of Rudel?

## THE CLASS PLAY.

No living soul! Naught's true but our  
love!

Beyond this window here, the golden beach  
Extends toward the blue; no galley's  
there!

Some day, far off, when we shall open it,  
The window'll show but light, and nothing more.

And then we'll laugh. What childish  
story's this

About the hoisting of a sail that's black?  
An idle tale, Bertrand!—the window's  
closed!"

DAVE. "You speak forever of that window there!"

RUTH. "'Tis false! I see it not—I love thee so! Thou knowest that—"

DAVE, "Thy voice enraptures me!"

RUTH. "The sea wind's blown the window open, look!"

DAVE. "The window open—"

RUTH. "Close it!"

DAVE. "No—I fear—  
Too much I'd see, perhaps, a sail that's  
black!"

## THE CLASS PLAY.

RUTH. "Then look aside, and close it rapidly."

DAVE. "No, no; I feel I'd look ahead!"

CUTE. [*Enters, interrupting quickly.*]  
Dave, the girls want you to make them up;  
can't you, come now? [*Dave and Ruth  
start as if recalled to the present.*] And  
here, has one of you time to mend this  
drapery?

RUTH. I'll do it.

DAVE. Ellen, will you come with me?

[*Exeunt Dave and Ellen R.*]

DAVE. Thanks, Ruth. [*Exit.*]

CUTE. [*Runs across to L.*] I wish I had  
ten hands and sixteen feet. [*Exits in  
hurry.*]

[*Enter from L., Heavy in costume of  
Erasmus, Bunny in costume of So-  
rismonde, and Constance in costume  
and light wig.*]

CONSTANCE. I can't do it, I have never  
been so nervous, and my throat aches hor-  
ribly; I am not going to be able to play  
well.

BUNNY. Yes, you are. You cut up this

## THE CLASS PLAY.

way before every play, so we are used to it. Take a lozenge.

CONSTANCE. I am not made up.

HEAVY. I'll do it for you. [*Walks to table.*]

CONSTANCE. Don't touch me; Heavy Durkin, you are just as nervous as you can be.

HEAVY. Pshaw! I'm not, either, I am as cool as a cucumber.

CONSTANCE. Your hands are as cold as ice. Don't touch me. [*Shivers.*] I'll never get through it; I wish I were in bed.

BUNNY. You would be the last one to give up the part.

CONSTANCE. Who said I was going to give it up? You'll see me dead first! Where is that rabbit's foot?

BUNNY. I'll help you.

HEAVY. [*Bites her thumb, wanders about room nervously, muttering.*]

"Now, when I joined his household, gentle Prince,  
I meant to live in peace beneath his roof.  
One eve, at supper time, just as the knife,

## THE CLASS PLAY.

The carver's, sought a luscious turkey's  
breast,  
And then and there, to speak of Melis-  
sinde."

CONSTANCE. Oh, Bunny, not that way;  
it makes me look hollow-cheeked.

HEAVY. "What is it now that moves  
within my throat? [*Shouts.*] Hurrah!  
[*Girls jump.*] I shouted, too!"

CONSTANCE. Heavy, stop being nervous!  
Bunny, you don't know anything about  
make-up. Why doesn't Dave come?

RUTH. May I help you?

CONSTANCE. [*Surprised.*] You? Indeed,  
no. You don't know anything about it.

RUTH. I have had some experience.

CONSTANCE. Well, you can't daub  
around on me. Heavy, for mercy sakes,  
stop pacing up and down. You make me  
want to scream.

CUTE. [*Enters in haste from L., with  
bunch of big paper lilies which she puts on  
divan.*] I wish I were a centipede. [*Exit  
R.*]

HEAVY. [*Looking off R. after Cute.*]

## THE CLASS PLAY.

Cute looks busy. Say, but the scenery is great! We are going to make a hit!

ABC. [*Enters from R.*] Well, here you are; why didn't go into the big dressing room?

BUNNY. Too many girls; we want to keep Constance quiet.

ABC. [*Alarmed.*] What's the matter with her?

BUNNY. The same old attacks, that's all; she can't talk awfully well, because of her sore throat.

ABC. Dose her; she has to play.

CONSTANCE. Oh, I'll play!

ABC. I'll never be manager again. I am going mad. Not a girl ready for the rehearsal and the audience is to be here in half an hour. Now the curtain is stuck and we had to send for the carpenter. Don't miss your cues, and do give the right ones. You got into an awful mess yesterday, Heavy and Bunny, speak distinctly. Constance, you must cross on that one line or you will put Dave out. Heavy, stop being nervous!

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HEAVY. I am *not* nervous, I am a perfect lamb.

CONSTANCE. She has been pacing up and down here like a tiger in his cage. She sets my teeth on edge.

ABC. Constance, gracious goodness! take off that wig.

CONSTANCE. The princess must have light hair.

ABC. Well, you are a sight, the whole class thinks so. *Who* is going to make you up?

CONSTANCE. Dave promised to.

ABC. Well, someone else has to do it; Dave is busy with the rest of the cast. Can't you do it, Heavy?

HEAVY. I have tried to, but Constance objects to Bunny's temperament and to my temperature.

RUTH. [*Rises.*] I have offered to make Constance up.

ABC. You? You don't know anything about it.

CONSTANCE. I won't have her touch me.

RUTH. When a brunette wishes to make



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up as a blond, a little more is needed than a pot of rouge; I could make a blond wig very becoming to you. I regret for your sake that my offer did not meet with a more courteous reply.

CONSTANCE. It is none of your business, I am sure. I don't even know your name and I don't care to know it. I don't care to talk to you; as for your impudence, I'll not swallow that, either, do you hear, [*Excited.*—you—you—

ABC. [*To Constance.*] Be quiet. [*To Ruth.*] What do you mean by exciting her? How do you expect her to play when you aggravate her like this? The class has got along very well without your aid in its previous plays and I guess it can do the same this time. You might as well be told right here and now that even if Dave is good natured enough to let you thrust yourself upon her and hang about her room until she is sick to death of you, that we are not going to stand for it.

RUTH. I have never thrust myself upon Dave Stone, and when you say she is sick of me you are not saying the truth. If she were, she would not visit me in my room.

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ABC. Not speaking the truth? Ha, ha! that is pretty funny, isn't it, girls? Of course, she would not let you know about it. Dave is too good natured and stupidly charitable for that. But we are not going to stand for your pushing your way with us.

RUTH. Abc, freshman year you lived with us in Derby Hall you ate with us, talked to us and chummed with us. We were good enough for you until you found that we were not making much progress in the class, because chances didn't just come our way. Then you sought out the girls who held positions in college, contriving ways and means to become their friend; you planned well, you were clever, you won them. Since you moved to their hall you never see us, never know us, because you are afraid that if you do, you will weaken your position with your idols; we have never said anything against you, thinking it beneath us to undermine your position, but I am telling your friends now, because you did not recognize Ellen Perry the day after she had gone to town to do your shopping and because, for one moment, you made me doubt Dave's faith in me, that you have

## THE CLASS PLAY.

not spoken the truth. I know you too well, from all the experiences last year to believe you. You thought you were pushing us out of your path when you left our hall, you thought you were leaving us yearning for your companionship; we have let you believe it while we have been laughing in our sleeves; you didn't leave one friend behind you in Darby Hall; there wasn't one girl there that voted to make you manager of this play. There isn't much truth in a girl who has to go away from home to make friends; the highest tribute is to be respected by those closest about you. That respect and that esteem you can never receive from those who know you too well. [*Exit.*]

ABC. It's not true, it's not true.

BUNNY. Ssh! We have had enough excitement. You must keep Constance quiet. [*Calls off.*] Cute, where is Dave? Tell her to hurry, she has to make Constance up.

CUTE. [*Off.*] Just a minute.

ABC. I hate her; that is all a story about the hall, there wasn't a nice girl in it and I wasn't going to stay.

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HEAVY. You *do* seem to have a keen appreciation for offices, though, considering who your friends are.

ABC. That isn't sweet of you to say, Heavy, dear. [*Embraces her.*]

HEAVY. Pshaw, I think she is impudent myself.

CONSTANCE. I can't bear to see her.

BUNNY. Dog biscuits, what is the use of losing your temper about it? [*Enter Dave and Cute.*] Dave, you darling! That costume is stunning on you.

DAVE. Do you like it?

HEAVY. You have never looked so handsome.

ABC. [*Embraces Dave.*] I'm crazy about you, Dave.

DAVE. How are you feeling, Constance? I'll make you up now; where is the cream? [*Begins.*] My, you are hot!

CONSTANCE. Don't turn my head like that, you hurt my throat.

DAVE. I am sorry you are feeling so bad, but you always do, you know, before you play. [*Makes her up.*] Oh, dear, I wish

## THE CLASS PLAY.

Ruth Haggert were here to show me how to do this. She knows all about it. Cute, won't you get her for me?

CONSTANCE. I won't have her, I'm sick of hearing about her. You wanted her to give me pointers about my acting, as if I didn't know anything about it myself; and as if I would take them from her. How do you know she can act?

HEAVY. Come, hush up on the subject. I am bored to death with her name.

CUTE. Who is she, anyway?

DAVE. She is my friend.

ABC. Your friend, your enemy, you mean. Wait till you know her as I do. You haven't lived in the same hall with her, you haven't learned that she will sacrifice everything to her ambition, which she hides under a mask of diffidence and affection. You think she has never sought to know you, that she has not planned your whole friendship.

DAVE. [*Arrested action with eyebrow pencil.*] What do you mean?

ABC. That Ruth Haggert has schemed to know you, that her coming to your

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room was a mere excuse, that she is fawning on you, flattering you, trying to use you as a stepping-stone to—

DAVE. Stop! I will not listen to you. You are slandering in my presence a girl who is my friend. Ruth came to my room to get a book and was going away with it immediately when I called her back, asking her to sit down and visit me. Our previous discussion about her only aroused in me a curiosity to know her better. It was I who drew her out, I who took the first steps in our friendship. I had to take more than half, for she is sensitive and diffident. I have grown to love her and believe in her; that belief of mine ought to inspire you with respect for her, at least. If you trust me, as you make me believe, the mere fact that I admire her ought to command your courtesy. But this petty jealousy on your part I will not tolerate; I would sooner break with every one of you that slanders her.

CONSTANCE. Then you can break with me, Dave Stone! [*Enter Ruth, unobserved.*] For there isn't room for both of

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us in your set. Chose between me, the old friend, and this insignificant protege of yours, Ruth Haggert. [*Dramatic pause.*]

DAVE. Ruth, I am sorry you have heard what has been said; Constance didn't really mean it, not really; she will apologize to you!

CONSTANCE. Apologize! Never!

DAVE. [*Eyes flashing.*] Then I *do* break with you and every one of you that doesn't apologize to Ruth for every word and thought she has ever had against her.

ABC. Ha, ha! what do you take us for?

CUTE. Not I—

BUNNY. Nor I.

CONSTANCE. Never, never!

HEAVY. [*Slowly to Dave.*] If I had a friend who would stand up for me like that when I wasn't present to defend myself I'd go down on my knees to her. I apologize to you [*To Ruth.*] for us all.

DAVE. [*Embraces Heavy.*] Heavy!

CONSTANCE. [*Jumps up.*] She can't apologize for me, I won't do it. I tell you I hate her, never, never! O, my throat! [*Falls back.*]

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BUNNY. Quick, she has fainted, get some water. [*Exit Abc.*]

CUTE. No, she hasn't, she has only hurt her throat; get a nurse from the infirmary. What shall we do?

DAVE. [*Holds Constance's head.*] Can't you talk, Constance? [*To Heavy.*] They won't be able to hear her.

ABC. [*Enter with water.*] The audience is coming and we haven't had a rehearsal; I'm crazy; we have to begin in fifteen minutes. How are you? Can't you talk above a whisper? What shall we do, she can't play?

CONSTANCE. [*Trying to get up.*] Yes, I can; you can't take a part away from me; I won't give it up; please, please.

HEAVY. But your voice can't carry beyond the first row.

ABC. Some one else has to take the book and read the part; take off the costume, quick. Whom shall I get? Here, Cute, you do it. Oh, we are ruined, we are ruined.

DAVE. Ruth Haggert must play the part.

RUTH. [*Remonstrating and most un-*



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*happy that she has been the innocent cause.]* No, no.

ABC. Put on the costume, Cute.

DAVE. Put on the costume, Ruth.

*[Enter Girls I and II and Ellen.]*

GIRL I. The hall is almost crowded and the girls want you to begin; you must ring up the curtain.

DAVE. Ruth Haggert is the only girl in the class to play that part.

BUNNY. You are mad!

ABC. I'm manager of the play and I refuse to let her.

DAVE. I am a member of the committee and I insist upon it.

ABC. The committee outvotes you.

HEAVY. I side with Dave.

DAVE. Heavy is for her.

ABC. The vote is still 3—2 against you. The class will not have her.

DAVE. But I will, do you hear?

ABC. I say you will not. What authority have you?

DAVE. The authority of a success that I know will be ours; she is an artist, she

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is three times a better actress than any of us here; and what is more, you will put her in because you refused to apologize, because you have made me your enemy; because I command it.

ABC. I am manager, I tell you!

DAVE. And I take the leading part! You will do as I command or I [*Takes cap off, stamps on it in fury of temper.*] refuse to play!!!

### CURTAIN.

SCENE 2. *Same as previous scene. After the play. Applause heard off, cries of "Bravo, bravo, Haggert, bravo, Stone, Haggert!" Ellen and Girl I stand looking off and listening.*

ELLEN. Ruth is taking another curtain call! Oh, wasn't she wonderful? Isn't she wonderful? Listen, all the upperclassmen are wild about her; and a senior said that Dave had never played so well; that is because Ruth coached her. [*Embraces Girl.*] Oh, I am so happy.

GIRL. We never had such a success; it is an ovation, look at the flowers. There,

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the curtain has gone up again. [*Applause heard off.*] Dave wants Ruth to go out alone but she refuses; she insists upon dragging Dave out with her. [*To Ellen, who steps forward.*] Look out, the audience will see you.

ELLEN. Not if I peek this way. Doesn't Dave look stunninng in that costume? Everybody is in love with Dave.

GIRL. They always are with the hero. The curtain is going down. [*Sigh.*] It is all over and I wish it were only the beginning, even if I am only a scene shifter.

ELLEN. And Ruth did it. She did it. I knew she could. Oh, I am so happy!

[*Enter Heavy, Bunny, Cute, Heavy dancing funny jig.*]

HEAVY. [*Singing.*] Tra-la-la-la-la. Girls, it is a hit!!

ELLEN. Heavy, you were splendid!

HEAVY. Thanks, I know it, I know it! Ha! [*Waves arms, continues jig.*] Tra-la-la-la-la. [*Mimics grand opera star.*] I want to do it all over again, I want to do it all over again, again, again, again! I cannot live until next year when [*Trills.*]

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we give another play [*Scales and trills.*] pla—y.

BUNNY. [*Laughing.*] You are not nervous now.

HEAVY. [*Singing.*] Ne-er-er-er-vous? I? Ne-er-erver I! I! I!!

CUTE. Did you ever see Dave play so well? She was beautiful against my scenery. [*Hurt tone.*] Didn't you like my scenery? Nobody says nothing 'bout it.

BUNNY. The scenery, Cute, was worthy of Raphael and Titian, if they had been scene painters for Mr. Belasco.

CUTE. Did you hear the oars squeak? They groaned magnificently. Didn't you feel, actually feel the stage move? I had to pinch myself to make sure that there wasn't any water underneath. I almost got seasick.

BUNNY. The palace was especially effective.

CUTE. Strewn with the lilies and roses? Most oriental; and wasn't the sound of battle realistic? You should have seen Bertrand and the Knight clashing battle-

## THE CLASS PLAY.

axes off stage; it really sounded as if they were murdering each other.

HEAVY. [*Drops into chair; worn out.*] I'm done for.

BUNNY. Dave was gloriously dramatic when still panting from the exertion of the fight, she forced her way into Melissinde's presence.

HEAVY. Dave's abandonment and enthusiasm made her wonderfully magnetic. And Ruth—how she did it without missing a cue is beyond me.

CUTE. It will be a seven-day wonder to everybody. She has all the grace, ease and charm of a professional. And she played as if inspired!

ABC. [*Enters.*] Come out and help us clean off the stage.

HEAVY. Not me; I've done my work for the class. Where is Dave?

ABC. Surrounded by seniors; the audience is too slow in getting out; we'll have to turn the lights out soon.

HEAVY. Is Ruth with her?

ABC. [*Crossly.*] Yes. Well, I'm not

## THE CLASS PLAY.

going to do the work alone; if you won't help I'll quit, too. [*Sits down as if tired and cross.*]

BUNNY. No need of rushing now; we'll help you clean up in the morning.

MRS. McNAB. [*Enters.*] I thought Madeline was with you.

ABC. She'll come out presently.

CUTE. Well, Mrs. McNab, what did you think of the play?

MRS. McNAB. I am thoroughly convinced. I am speechless! I congratulate you all.

HEAVY. [*Sighs.*] To think it is over! Next week at this time I'll be a grind, trying to put some new plates into this [*Points to forehead.*] "brainograph."

BUNNY. You will find an "engaged" sign on my door for a few days. "Positively No Admittance; Doing German Private Reading."

MRS. McNAB. I hope Madeline will follow your example.

CUTE. Not Dave! She crams the night before an exam and always passes as well as we do who study longer.

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MRS. McNAB. I must caution her to be moderate; her enthusiasm carries her to such extremes.

HEAVY. She has the talent of grasping essential points at once, and never spends time on learning details she feels will not be necessary to know for an examination.

MRS. McNAB. College has been of great benefit to Madeline; true, she is not as neat as I should wish, but I find she has made herself quite a power in her class. I must confess I have quite a different idea of college life from what I gathered the first afternoon.

BUNNY. You understand our motives better, Mrs. McNab.

MRS. McNAB. I appreciate your good fellowship, and realize that my ideas of college were too much identified with those of boarding schools. You live in quite a world of your own here, and must be judged only according to your laws.

HEAVY. [*Enumerating comically.*] College develops versatility, feeds the intellect, sharpens the wits, expands the interests, promotes self-assurance, cultivates

## THE CLASS PLAY.

perception, molds character, teaches concentration, enlarges and hardens backbone, etc.

MRS. McNAB. [*Laughs.*] I did not grasp it all, but I agree with you. I shall insist upon Madeline's coming for the full course, and only regret I was deprived in my youth of the same opportunities and experiences.

[*Enter Ruth and Dave in costume, carrying flowers, preferably long-stemmed American Beauties, tied with ribbon. Bunny, Cute, Abc, rush to embrace Dave, crying, "Dave! Dave!" Ellen does the same to Ruth. Girls draw away from Dave as Ellen draws away from Ruth; awkward pause. Dave puts out her hand gallantly, raising Ruth's as if to draw her forward.*]

BUNNY. [*Extends her hand to Ruth.*] I congratulate you; it was a wonderful triumph!

CUTE. I didn't know you had it in you, but I've got to just hug you. [*Hugs her enthusiastically.*]



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RUTH. [*Laughs.*] That is very sweet of you.

MRS. McNAB. Madeline, I am overwhelmed; I had no idea you could act; in fact the play was professional. [*To Ruth.*] I have not met you, but permit me to offer you my sincerest congratulations; I heard that you played the part without rehearsal; your success is, therefore, the more remarkable; every one who sat near me could not praise you enough—Madeline, introduce me.

DAVE. My aunt, Mrs. McNab, Miss Ruth Haggert.

MRS. McNAB. The name is familiar, your face also. Are you by any chance related to Senator Haggert, who has just gone to Washington?

RUTH. He is my father! [*Girls start.*]

ABC. [*Aside.*] Why didn't I know that before?

BUNNY. But why didn't you tell us?

RUTH. Why should I?

MRS. McNAB. [*Aside to Dave.*] Why wasn't she in your room the other day?

## THE CLASS PLAY.

She is what I call a "representative" girl.  
[*To Ruth.*] My dear, I am so pleased to meet you. My sister used to be a very good friend indeed of your aunt. I saw your resemblance to your aunt immediately. I hope you and Madeline will be great friends, and you must visit us in Cincinnati.

RUTH. Thank you, Dave and I are good friends. How is Constance?

HEAVY. Tucked away in the infirmary—Tonsilitis!

RUTH. I am sorry; won't some one take her these flowers? They *were* for her, you know.

BUNNY. She wouldn't accept them.

DAVE. You had better keep them, Ruth. You saved the class.

RUTH. I am disappointed that you think she would not take them. I don't like to have enemies. [*Looks at Abc. Awkward pause.*]

ABC. [*Nervously.*] Won't you all come over to my room for tea?

DAVE. It is too late to-night, but it was

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nice of you to ask us. [*To Ruth.*] Will you come home with me to spend the night? There is the empty bedroom to the suite, you know!

RUTH. Thank you, not to-night. I am very tired; some other time, if I may.

ELLEN. Are you ready, Ruth? Let me carry your things.

GIRLS I AND II. Let me help.

HEAVY. Good-night, Ruth; I'll come down and call on you in the morning.

RUTH. Thank you for giving me my lines that time when I almost missed them.

HEAVY. O, you're a star.

[*Dave walks up to Ruth, standing center with roses.*]

RUTH. [*Slowly, sincerely.*] I could not have done it had it not been for your faith in me. [*Poetically.*] Good-night, Bertrand!

DAVE. [*Raises her hand to her lips, gallantly takes off cap, saying romantically.*] Good-night, my Princess.

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

### EPILOGUE.

SCENE. *Three years later. Scene, same as Act I, only stripped of everything but a few chairs, bare table and empty desk. Half opened suitcase on chair, hat and coat over back of same chair. Room must look gloomy and unoccupied.*

LITTLE FRESHMAN. [*Sits looking very forlorn and unhappy.*] Mother is on the train now—going— [*Tears*] home—there'll only be three at dinner to-night instead of four—because I'm gone; I'm at college—all alone—there isn't anybody that cares about me—nobody; I'm nothing here but just a little freshman, and this room is so cold and bare and quiet—I don't believe anybody ever laughed in it, they must just have cried—Oh, I want to go home—I hate college— [*Sob.*] I hate it. [*Knock heard at door, dries eyes, controls herself, opens door.*]

SENIOR. [*With package and letter.*] May I come in? You are the freshman, aren't you, who is going to have this suite this year?

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FRESHMAN. Yes, I am; the girl who is to be my room-mate doesn't return from Europe until next week.

SENIOR. So I heard; let me introduce myself; Ethel Hedge, senior. I live next door. You just came this morning, didn't you?

FRESHMAN. Yes, mother has just left me; my furniture hasn't arrived yet, so the room doesn't look cheerful—

SENIOR. Pretty gloomy, I admit, to what it has been with Dave in it for the last few years. There wasn't a gayer, more popular suite in the whole Hall.

FRESHMAN. Really?

SENIOR. [*Going to brass plates.*] Have you noticed the brass plates inscribed with the names of all the girls who have lived in this suite?

FRESHMAN. [*Reading.*] Madeline Stone, Ruth Haggert—

SENIOR. They are the last ones on the list, graduated last year after rooming together for two years. Madeline, called by every one Dave, was always the hero in the plays her class gave and one of the

## THE CLASS PLAY.

most popular girls in college; brilliant, yet not a great student, she had a dominating personality that has left a deep impression on college morals. There has never been a sweeter, truer girl than Ruth Haggert, daughter of Senator Haggert. She was a finished actress and scored a wonderful success sophomore year when playing a part at a moment's notice. After that she was manager of her class plays, secretary of her class, and president of Self-Government Association. Always modest, she had an inner strength of endurance that made itself felt and endeared her to the whole college. She asked me to give this notebook to the girl who was to take this room, should she be a freshman.

FRESHMAN. [*Takes it.*] To me?

SENIOR. It is a record Ruth made of the girls who have occupied this suite.

FRESHMAN. [*Glancing through book.*] "Mary Blatchford, 1889-1892, light hair, blue eyes, called Duchess, because of her dignity; was partial to lavender." How interesting! There is a whole paragraph about her. [*Turns pages.*] Harriet Jenk-

## THE CLASS PLAY.

ins, 1894-1898, president of her class, 1894; president of Undergraduate Association, 1897; president of Religious League, 1898; brown eyes, brown hair—Rose Langton, 1899-1900, the novelist! Did she live here? Oh, dear, I am afraid I am not worthy to succeed all these.

SENIOR. They were "big" girls, that is true; Ruth Haggert was the first to tabulate them.

FRESHMAN. [*Reading.*] "Cicely Divers, 1899-1902, excellent actress, very witty; a great favorite. Frances Warner and Frances Stewart, room-mates, 1902-1906, known as 'The Twins,' presidents of their class, F. W. in 1903, F. S. in 1904, and both basket ball stars." The record ends there. It says nothing about the girls who were graduated last year.

SENIOR. You must find out about them from us and then write it down. The book is yours now.

FRESHMAN. Oh, dear, but it makes me feel so little, so incapable of accomplishing anything. And I—I'd love to be a "big" girl, too, and worthy of them.

## THE CLASS PLAY.

SENIOR. [*Encouragingly.*] Perhaps you will be. I was to give you this, too—a package and a letter—from Ruth Haggert, the one I told you about.

FRESHMAN. [*Smiling.*] I remember; Dave's room-mate.

SENIOR. I'll let you open it alone. Will you visit me?

FRESHMAN. Gladly; thank you for your interest.

SENIOR. My room is next door. [*Exit.*]

FRESHMAN. [*Opens letter wonderingly, reads.*] "Dear little freshman, whoever you are, welcome to this room; if you are entering college with many friends you may take but little interest in these few words, but if you are lonely and sad, and, believe me, the majority of your little freshmen class-mates are at this early stage of college life, take comfort in the thought that you are but experiencing in your turn what most of us, your predecessors, have experienced and overcome. The room is not lonely, but hallowed by associations that has endeared it forever to our hearts; every one of us has left a bit of our thought



## *THE CLASS PLAY.*

and soul there, a memory of happy hours, work and play, and sweetest of all memories, our friendships. We are thinking of you and your little room; of it, because it was ours; of you, because you have taken it from us; because you in your turn will forget it was ours and will love it all as your own. Be worthy of it and of us; be noble in deed and thought, charitable in speech and action, a charity far cheaper and more valuable than gold. If you have a talent seek an opportunity to cultivate it; opportunities lie about you; it is your place to find them, for college is a little world, where each one must work out her own salvation. Learn to stand alone and never lose your faith in self. Do not shrink for fear of failure; have the courage of your convictions; give the best expression of what is in you to your class and it will honor and reward you. Be able to feel when you bequeath this room and its tradition to the little freshman, your successor, four years from now, that you in your turn had left in here a bit of the best that is in you; then you will understand what it means to go away, and you will love your 'little

## THE CLASS PLAY.

successor' as we love you; you will sympathize with our thoughts of to-day, when we are wondering if you will like to remember us, if, when we come back to visit, you will let us come in for just a moment to shut our eyes and dream the old days back. If you think you could share just that little bit of the room with us, so that we may know we are not unbidden guests, will you hang this sign of 'Welcome' on the door? [Tears.] In the name of the dear old college days, Madeline Stone, Ruth Haggert." [Sob.] The room isn't lonely now!

[Goes to hang sign on door as curtain falls.]

CURTAIN.